

# THE LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 378.—VOL. XV.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1867.

[PRICE 4d.  
Stamped, 5d.]

Mr. Gladstone and the Working Men.  
The President on the Rapids.  
Disendowment of the State Church in Ireland.  
The Arrest of Garibaldi.  
A Humane Clergyman.  
The Attitude of Prussia.  
Spanish Certificates and Passives.

Law as a Social Science.  
Vox ex Eremita.  
Dogs.  
Honeymoons Abroad.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

CORRESPONDENCE:—

The East India Association.  
The Registrar-General on Religions.

POETRY:—  
St. Cado.

FINE ARTS:—

Music.  
The London Theatres.

SCIENCE:—

Scientific Jottings.

MONEY AND COMMERCE:—

The Money Market.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

History of the United States' Secret Service.  
Theological Works.  
The Starling.  
The Family.  
The Romance of Charity.  
School-Books.

Literary Gossip.

List of New Publications for the Week.

## MR. GLADSTONE AND THE WORKING MEN.

AFTER much preliminary squabbling with Mr. Beales, Mr. George Potter has succeeded in obtaining the precedence for his Reform *fête* and banquet over the kindred celebration projected by the Reform League. The public does not concern itself much about the "lovers' quarrel" of the League and the Association, and the only interest that ever attached to the matter was created by the rumour that some of the great political leaders were expected to accept Mr. Potter's invitation. Lord Russell's answer put an end to all question as far as he was concerned. He said, in so many words, that he would not have anything to do with jubilation over a Bill so unlawfully begotten, unbaptized in the font of Whiggery, and dandled in Mr. Disraeli's arms. And it was quite as well that he should have spoken out so distinctly, though the words were hard and ungracious enough. Mr. Gladstone, however, it is now apparent, declines the invitation at the same time, but his reply was so sufficiently marked by his usual suavity as to feed some small hopes in the bosoms of Mr. Potter and his committee. At all events, a few extracts only from his letter were then read, and it was announced that "negotiations were pending," which probably only meant that the Working Men's Association was trying to make Mr. Gladstone change his mind. He has now, however, sent a second letter, in which he persists in declining definitively the honour of being a guest at the Crystal Palace on Monday. Mr. Potter falls back on the hope, which is, perhaps, no better founded than that which he entertained in Mr. Gladstone's case, that Mr. Bright will make his appearance at the banquet. If so, we shall probably have at least one fine speech to relieve the deadly dullness of this time of the year: we are afraid no more practical result is to be anticipated from the triumph of Mr. Potter and his friends.

Mr. Gladstone's last letter was even more reticent on political topics than his former one. He makes but one allusion to politics at all. He says:—"In all that yet remains unaccomplished, I shall labour to complete the settlement of this great question in the same spirit which has hitherto guided me." We regret very much that our great leader has not thought it right to be more outspoken, though perhaps Mr. Potter was not the most desirable channel through which the policy of the party ought to be proclaimed. Mr. Gladstone's reserve leaves, as we pointed out last week, the mass of the party uncertain and wavering, fearing to go too far in promising measures of change, and unable in consequence to rouse the popular spirit in favour of the Liberal policy. After all, even if Mr. Gladstone were the ablest political leader that England has ever produced, it would be difficult to gather an enthusiastic army around a banner which inscribes upon it so vague a declaration of principles as Mr. Gladstone has yet given us. It is very well to say that "the same spirit" which animated the head of the Liberal party during the stirring sessions of 1866 and 1867 will be found unabated in 1868; but did we need a manifesto from Hawarden to testify thus to the commonplace fact of Mr. Gladstone's sincerity? People are eagerly looking to the leader of the Opposition for his plan of campaign next year, and in proportion to their eagerness is their disappointment when they find that he merely tells them he will do his duty. Who ever doubted it? Mr. Gladstone should believe

in himself with a livelier faith, and he would then lead the attack on the Tory entrenchments with greater boldness. It seems an altogether mistaken thing to allow Mr. Disraeli to work undisturbed in the dark, as he has been working since the close of the session, to meet his mines by no countermines, to let him have the first word, as he will have at Edinburgh in a week or two. Yet after all he is not called upon to speak; it would be embarrassing for him to be compelled to show his cards now, for he stands upon the defensive and masks his batteries. Were he to declare for a vigorous Radical policy in Ireland at this juncture, for example, he would expose himself to the danger of an open and organized revolt from his standard when Parliament meets. His chance is to take his own party and his opponent alike by surprise, by a brilliant *coup de main*, such as he planned and carried through last year. All he has to do now, with that serpent-charming tongue of his, is to explain away for the benefit of his followers the consequences of the Reform Act which are already putting them in terror; but boldly to unveil his policy would be fatal to him.

It is in this way that a decided pronouncement of opinion from Mr. Gladstone would have an effect equally useful with that which we pointed out last week. He has it in his power now to shape not only his own party's policy, but that of the Tories. Mr. Disraeli cannot retain the power which he has struggled so hard for without outbidding his rival, and though we may be very glad to see the Liberals in place again and intrusted with the execution of a strong policy in the completion of the Reform in the Constitution and the restoration of Ireland to prosperity, we shall be well content to take Radical measures from Mr. Disraeli. We may look the gift horse in the mouth, but we do not want too closely to scrutinize the giver. We know to whom the honour of having won the Reform Act is really due, and we are not indisposed to accept other favours of the same kind from the Tory leader. But if Mr. Disraeli is not to have his own way altogether in the moulding of the future course of legislation, it is necessary to tell him now very distinctly that if he is not prepared to go to certain lengths in the way of reforming abuses, he must take himself away from the Treasury Bench with all possible speed. He knows this very well, and we feel quite assured that he exults in Mr. Gladstone's silence, and dreads nothing so much as the breaking of that silence. He can only work his spells, where there is darkness and no sound; he would give much to keep himself out of the way of light and voices.

Apart from the difficult questions with which Mr. Disraeli probably means to deal, if he can, next year, and in regard to which it rests with Mr. Gladstone to force him onward in spite of all his trickery and the unwillingness of the mass of the Tories, there are some difficulties connected with the practical operation of the Reform Act which deserve the attention of the Liberal leader, and which it would be most desirable that he should announce his intention of removing at the earliest available opportunity. The National Reform Union at Manchester has issued some statistics which call in question the results of Mr. Disraeli's measure in some important particulars. The abolition of the compounding system is proving a serious embarrassment to all boards in parishes where the Small Tenements Act and local Acts of a similar character used to operate; and the £12 county franchise is far from satisfying the aspirations of Liberals. In the counties and divisions, for



336

to write  
own poi  
he may  
the gre  
expecte  
Boston  
England  
Mr. I  
Printer  
exhaust  
or new  
they ar  
service  
per cen  
Shak  
law of  
referen  
Gazette  
Cressid

And th  
"True  
if Sha  
the di  
The  
origin  
"Dall  
drams  
purpo  
return  
with  
This

Dr.  
Comm  
that t  
of me  
parts  
duties  
been  
of oth  
them  
conte  
comp  
Th  
age 1  
19th  
day i  
belie  
but

A  
entir  
for I  
edito  
low  
Mr.  
Mrs.  
Mr.  
an I  
The  
Pape  
in th  
chap  
Gret  
Tarl  
"Ta

T  
(say  
tho  
serv  
Imy  
Soc  
to t  
the  
whi

the  
ins  
shil  
is l  
def  
spe

an  
firs  
sec  
and  
7  
shil  
to f  
con  
7  
spo  
the  
Am  
J  
(wi  
tha  
nin

instance, where populous unrepresented towns are situated, it is discovered that the addition to the county register from among the inhabitants of these towns will be very inconsiderable. Two and a half per cent. is mentioned as the increase in thirteen important districts, and elsewhere it is not likely to be much greater than this. In the town of Glossop, which has not been enfranchised, there are 3,500 household occupations, and of these only 120 will obtain the franchise as voters for the county under Mr. Disraeli's Act. These things surely require revision. Mr. Gladstone could hardly do better than turn his attention to them and announce that he will demand the rectification of such limitations on enfranchisement at once and peremptorily.

Mr. Gladstone, by his last answer to Mr. Potter's solicitations, has got rid of the annoying dilemma of having either to mix himself up with, and in a manner to pledge himself to, a party which hold views too extreme for him, or of being supposed to abnegate the functions of a Liberal leader, and to indulge in inactivity. But with the removal of this undesirable pressure upon him, he is more than ever bound to give his party that guidance for which it asks. He is more than ever called upon now to give a distinct answer to the question which all Liberals ask him, with respect, and at the same time with no little impatience, "What wouldst thou have us to do?" Every day that passes without some proclamation of the Liberal creed, in a definite shape, in a few indisputable propositions, is lost to the cause which Mr. Gladstone has so much at heart, which he loves so well. It will not require much now to vindicate Mr. Gladstone's character as a progressive leader, only a speech or a letter; but, should all the recess be allowed to glide by in this uncertainty—this want of discipline—this seeming apathy—the slanders of the Dillwyn clique will be much strengthened, and the party will reassemble in February in more fatal disorganization than ever was witnessed last year.

#### THE PRESIDENT ON THE RAPIDS.

THE President of the United States has not yet shot Niagara, but he has got upon the rapids, and there seems now no possible means by which he can escape the logical catastrophe of the course to which he has committed himself. No photographer has yet been able to seize and hold upon his plate the famous rapids by which Lake Erie pours itself through the rocky pass to the roaring abyss; and it is almost equally impossible for the mind to retain in one glance the series of leaps by which Mr. Johnson has of late been fulfilling the inexorable demands of his "policy." The removal of Mr. Stanton from the War Office, startling as it was under the circumstances, had hardly prepared his countrymen for the swift changes of the week that followed. That week, the last in the month of August, opened with the recall of General Sheridan from command in New Orleans, for no assignable reason except that this general had removed a mayor, a judge, and a chief of police, all of whom had openly declared that they did not recognise the laws or the authority of the United States as binding upon them. General Thomas, who was appointed to supersede General Sheridan, is doubly indisposed to do so, his health being inadequate and his sympathies entirely with the removed officer. General Hancock, whose views, though unknown to the country, are believed to be in harmony with those of the President, was appointed to the position. Meantime General Thomas is thus dexterously removed from Kentucky, where his hand had been felt by the disloyal. On the following day General Sickles was removed from the command of the Carolinas, because he insisted on trying and punishing by a military court—in exact accordance with the Act of Congress—two men who had inflicted, with great barbarity, one hundred and twenty-six lashes upon a negro girl, who had resisted being beaten by a white girl, the magistrate having assisted in the outrage. General Canby was appointed to this place, with orders that the military should not interfere with any such Southern pastimes, should civil magistrates approve them, the question why General Canby, or any other Federal officer, need be in the Carolinas at all, not having occurred, apparently, to Mr. Johnson's mind. The bureau established in the War Department, under the direction of Dr. Francis Lieber, for the collection and arrangement of the archives of the late Confederacy, was closed on the next day. General Binckley, a man once expelled from the Land Office for disloyalty, is appointed Public Prosecutor. This was speedily followed by the removal of one of the most philanthropic and earnest agents the country ever had, General Howard, from the head of the Freedmen's Bureau, and the substitution for him of General Gordon Granger, a man whose very name has long

been a terror to the negroes over whom he will soon have vast power. The reason given by the President for Howard's removal is that he is a "hypocrite." The intimations of trouble from the negroes in case this change were carried out suddenly were so clear that General Howard has been ordered to continue in his place for the present. All of these removals and appointments were made against the opinion and, in one or two cases, against the protest of the general appointed by Congress to be the military Commander-in-Chief of the United States army. General Grant, however, issues orders to the new commanders that they shall not reverse the decisions and proceedings of their predecessors; but the President had, by the help of some astute lawyers, discovered a flaw in the law of Congress meant to empower the General to control all these matters, and he admonishes his Secretary to that effect. After an examination, General Grant admits that there is a flaw—not, however, without signifying his disgust at the whole affair as a piece of pettifoggery,—issues, as Secretary, the orders he disapproved of as General; and, at the end of the week of which we have given a brief résumé, Mr. Johnson remains so nearly Dictator of the United States that his organ, the *National Intelligencer*, feels encouraged to qualify some remarks about Congress with the clause—"If Congress ever meets," and prints an advertisement by a bank for Confederate eight per cents.!

We have hitherto remarked how differently the President looks upon a law when vetoing it, and after it has been passed over his veto. The law in which he at first sees military absolutism, becomes, when he is finally bound to obey it, a wise police regulation; and now that, against the passage of which he protested as giving to a commander "the place of the President, and the general of the army the place of the Senate," is now found to be the means of clothing him with entire military as well as civil power over the Union. This, then, we are to look upon as the *dernier ressort* of the President—to pick holes in the laws he is set to administer, in order to defeat them. The Congress cannot, indeed, be much complimented on its acumen in having, when convened for the very purpose of perfecting a law, *because* the President was trying to evade it, so framed its measure that it will not hold water; but the intention of Congress, in the Act wherein the President—with a skill which would make his fortune in a police-court—has picked a hole, was perfectly clear. There is not a man in the country who has the slightest doubt that the Supplemental Act of Congress meant to guard from the hands of the President precisely that control of the military operations of the Southern States upon which he now seizes. This Supplemental Act, passed in July, in order to explain and secure the original one, explicitly declared who should vote in the South; gave to the general of the army and the department commanders power to remove obnoxious civil officers without trial; and, especially to prevent Presidential interference, it enacted that "no district commander or member, or member of the Board of Registration, or any of the officers or appointees acting under them, shall be bound in his action by any opinion of any civil officer of the United States." It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to frame laws from which no technical escape is possible where those whose duty it is to administer them, according to their honest spirit, combine with the enemies of those laws to contrive how they may be evaded. And perhaps it is in such a case as well that there should have been left some room for a quibble about the law; nothing else could so clearly have revealed the spirit that prevails in the Administration. It happens that at the time of the sharp correspondence between General Grant and President Johnson on the question of their respective power, the legal adviser of the latter was the Hon. Jeremiah S. Black. This is the same gentleman who, as legal adviser to President Buchanan, decided that though the Southern States had no legal right to secede, the general Government had no right to prevent their seceding. The people of America are as little pleased with the technicality which gives the South over to the unchecked sway of those who were lately in arms against the Union, as they were with that which for nearly a year permitted the forts, arsenals, and other Federal property in the South to be successively seized and occupied, because the Constitution, though providing for the suppression of domestic insurrection, did not name such a thing as coercing a State.

But there is such a thing as being too clever. At the end of the week, in which he had surrounded himself with as many official heads as the actual ones Robespierre cut off in the same space of time just before his own was brought to the guillotine, Mr. Johnson heard but one response from all parts of the country, and that demanded his removal from office. The *New York Times*, edited by the Hon. H. J. Raymond, a gentleman who lost his seat in Congress by his moderation



towards Mr. Johnson, demands impeachment; the *New York Evening Post*, edited by the poet Bryant, and the very careful thinker Mr. Parke Godwin, demands it. There is, no doubt, that the extreme acuteness of the President has convinced the entire country that, to cite the measured language of the last-named journal, which has heretofore steadily resisted the proposed impeachment, "it is not wise to attempt to tie the hands of the chief Executive; that all attempts must more or less fail of their object; and that when the nation and the Congress have to do with an Executive who is determined to obstruct instead of executing the laws, the only wise course is to impeach and remove him." We cannot find among Northern journals, whose views are of the slightest importance in determining the matter of impeachment, a voice counter to these, and there seems to be no manner of doubt that the Congress will at its adjourned session of November immediately enter upon this the most serious State trial of American history—"if," that is, "Congress ever meets." The presidential organ reminds us, in these words, that the President will fight; in fact, and it is important to note it, the President *must* fight. He has gone too far to recede or yield. He has too loudly identified himself with the Constitution on the one side, and Congress with national ruin on the other, to surrender the country to Radical government. He has entered with a flourish upon the war path, and must now follow it to the end. He has abused and denounced Congress individually and collectively; he has vetoed and afterwards evaded its laws, and at last, by his amnesty proclamation, he has exercised a power distinctly and undeniably withdrawn from him by Congress at its last session; and there can now be no room for any ceremony toward that body. It remains only that he shall walk down in front of the courteous Speaker Colfax, and cry, with a stamp of the foot, to which he is not unaccustomed—"Take away that bauble!" In the absence of any symbol of authority in the House, he might name the Speaker himself as the "bauble." Indeed, some of the American journals have gone so far in this speculation as to say that it has been decided that Mr. Seward is to be Duke of Walrussia. But the situation is too serious for jesting; not that Mr. Johnson's resistance can by any possibility set aside the legal course of the American Government, but it is just possible that he may incite large bodies of Southern people to another attempt at rebellion, which would infallibly result in their utter destruction. If they follow the lead of the President, the South will in all probability be transformed into a series of negro states. And especially does the situation seem fraught with danger by reason of the singular inaction which seems thus far to prevail in the Northern States. With their own profound love of the Union, the Northern people were plainly unable seven years ago to realize the greatness and animosity of the attack upon it which had long been organized and matured, and which for this reason overbore for two years their undrilled soldiers and divided councils. Something very much like this seems about to be repeated. Those who suggest the possibilities of a recrudescence of the rebellion or a *coup d'état* are plainly thought to be alarmists. This last strikes the people as something which could only occur in a country as foreign as its name. But meanwhile two of the largest and most populous of the late slave-holding States—Maryland and Kentucky—have reorganized their militia forces and placed them under daily drill. They are thoroughly armed, and, having been the only States which were "neutral" in the late civil war, their war sinews are in complete condition. The State of Maryland is thoroughly in sympathy with the President, its Governor and leading men being strong Southern partisans. It completely incloses the national capital, and could, with the 10,000 men it now has under arms, easily capture Congress, and hold the district of Columbia probably for some weeks. We have no doubt, of course, that Maryland and Kentucky and those who should come to their aid would, in such an event, be ultimately conquered; but no one who reflects upon the course of affairs during the late war can doubt that if such a recurrence of rebellion should recall the North to the field it would call them there with a cry for extermination on their lips; and that "Sherman's march" would prove but a faint sketch of the desolation that would ultimately sweep through the South if a few months of success should attend any usurpation by the President. It is in this aspect deplorable if it is not suspicious that so many of the officers, who would be the most prompt to sustain General Grant in maintaining law and order, should be absent from the capital, some even so far away as Russia, whilst others should be called there like General Granger—the new head of the Freedmen's Bureau—who has publicly declared his belief that Congress is an unconstitutional body and should be dispersed by the President. We cannot

but deem the South utterly unable to succeed in another conflict with the North, and, as friends of that stricken people, we deprecate the false and fatal hopes which the course of the President has rekindled among them.

"That way madness lies!"

#### DISENDOWMENT OF THE STATE CHURCH IN IRELAND.

WE expressed, some time ago, our desire that the friends of the State Church in Ireland should attempt to give reasons why that institution should be allowed to exist; for we know that the more fully its demerits are brought before the public eye, the more deep and earnest must become the public determination to free the Irish people from its presence. The last few weeks have produced some efforts at a defence in various quarters. In Longford a large gathering of clergymen, among whom were mixed a few lay gentlemen, was held under the presidency of the Archdeacon of Ardagh. The Archdeacon made exactly the sort of speech which any one might expect from the advocate of a system at once lucrative and indefensible. He was good enough to admit that there might be a great many arguments in favour of a voluntary Church; but he balanced this admission by remarking that there might likewise be many in favour of an endowed Church. "I am myself inclined to think," said he with amusing *naïveté*, "that the one established and endowed Church is the preferable of the two." He tried to support his opinion by referring to the contrast between England and Ireland on the one hand, and America on the other; which contrast, he said, showed that endowment was a more effective means of promoting religion than voluntarism. Of the superior efficiency of endowment he then gave the following proof:—"If our Church was supported mainly by voluntary contributions, there would be many parishes in Ireland which would have no resident minister." The logic of this is delicious. Endowment has existed for more than three centuries as a means of extending the worthy Archdeacon's religion; and at the end of that long period the religion thus supported has so miserably failed to strike root, that if the endowment were removed, its reverend advocate assures us that in many Irish parishes there would be no minister, the Protestants not being rich enough, or numerous enough, or religious enough, to support a resident pastor at their own expense. Ordinary intellects would infer from such a state of matters that as endowment had signally failed to diffuse religion, its missionary worthlessness was thereby demonstrated. The archidiaconal intellect, however, discovers in this very state of matters a proof of the spiritual value of endowment.

After such a sample of the reverend speaker's logic the reader will not be surprised to find him making an excursion into the dominions of fancy, and announcing as a reason for supporting the Establishment the old nonsense about St. Patrick's being spiritual ancestor of the modern Anglo-Irish hierarchy; and the alleged conversion to Protestantism (conclusively disproved by the Rev. Maziere Brady) of the Irish hierarchy of the Marian period. Of which allegations we have only to say that were they even as true as we believe them to be groundless, they could not supply the least valid defence of the tottering State Church; and as to their truth, we may say in the words addressed by Lord Dufferin to the Social Science Congress at Belfast,—“No antiquarian ingenuity will be able to convince any undiseased mind that the legitimate successors and representatives of the Irish Church communion in the reign of Queen Mary are any other than the Catholic clergy and people of Ireland in the reign of Queen Victoria.”

It is needless to follow the Archdeacon through the devious wanderings of his alarmed imagination. We have seen his reason for preferring endowment to voluntarism. Farther on, he says, there are many parishes in which there are no other gentry than the Protestant clergy; "and if they were removed," he adds, "I think the country would be given up to Popery." The Archdeacon then exchanges this appalling prospect for more cheerful expectations. "I am quite sure," he says, "as long as our Church and clergy continue to do their duty; as long as we exercise our office for the good of the people; as long as we preach the Gospel in truth, in purity, and in sincerity; as long as we use our beautiful and spiritual Liturgy; so long will our Church stand, even though it be deprived of its emoluments."

Then, what becomes of all the dark forebodings of evil to result from disendowment? The Church will stand, says her venerable champion; and of her stability, he tells us, he is "quite sure," disendowment notwithstanding.

More recently, the Irish Establishment has had an advocate



336

to writ  
own po  
he may  
the gre  
expect  
Boston  
Englan  
Mr. J  
Printer  
exhaus  
or new  
they a  
service  
per oer  
Shal  
law of  
referen  
Gazette  
Cressie

And th  
"True  
if Sha  
the di  
The  
origin  
"Dall  
drams  
purpo  
return  
with  
This  
Dr.  
Comm  
that t  
of me  
parts  
duties  
been  
of oth  
them  
conte  
comp  
Th  
age 1  
19th  
day i  
belie  
but  
A  
entir  
for E  
edito  
low a  
Mr.  
Mrs.  
Mr.  
an Ir  
The  
Pape  
in th  
chap  
Gree  
Turf,  
"Tar  
Th  
(say)  
the b  
servi  
Imp  
Soci  
to th  
the  
whic  
A  
the  
inse  
shir  
is b  
defr  
spe  
A  
ann  
first  
sect  
and  
T  
shij  
to l  
con  
T  
spo  
the  
An  
J  
(wi  
the  
nir

in Mr. Agar-Ellis, who writes to the *Times* to say that nine-tenths of the objections to the Anti-Irish State Church would be valid, if it were now to be set up for the first time; but, he says, "the Establishment is an accomplished fact of several centuries' duration."

One would imagine that the State Church defenders had slept the sleep of Rip Van Winkle; for they really seem unconscious that they are only reproducing the same old fallacies that, during the period of their slumbers, were blown to the winds as untenable. Yes; the State Church in Ireland is an accomplished fact of three centuries. Our inference from this is, that in addition to the *à priori* arguments against quartering a Protestant church on a Catholic nation, we have the unanswerable experience of three centuries demonstrating that such an audacious outrage upon justice has been productive, not of Protestantism, but of popular hatred of the power that inflicted the enormous wrong. Instead of making the past continuance of the evil a pretext for its future perpetuity, we should rather say that it has been tried long enough, and found destitute of every quality that could render it anything else than a source of strife, disaffection, and heartburning, to the Irish nation. Mr. Agar-Ellis might usefully inquire whether, if the English Protestant nation had been compelled by foreign force to support a Roman Catholic hierarchy for the last three centuries, they would deem the long continuance of such an injustice any reason for making it immortal? He, however, has a remedy for the Irish grievance, which he admits is an anomaly. Here is his remedy—Pay the priests. "It is urged," he says, "that the Roman Catholic priesthood would not accept State payment. I think they would; for I feel convinced that there are many of the Roman Catholic clergy who would be only too happy to have their subsistence provided for otherwise than by their too often impoverished flocks; and it would be popular among the Roman Catholic laity, especially the small tenant farmer class."

We can scarcely suppose that the gentleman who writes the words we have now quoted can have read the reiterated resolutions repudiating, in the strongest language, the State endowment of the Irish Roman Catholic Church, which have emanated from the National Association of Ireland at various periods since the date of its institution in December, 1864. Nearly all the Irish Catholic hierarchy, and a large number of priests, are members of that body. Those functionaries—who must surely be accepted as reliable exponents of the sentiments of their order—proclaim to the world in the most emphatic manner that no consideration will induce them to accept State payment. In the teeth of this emphatic and authoritative declaration, Mr. Agar-Ellis, just as if he had wakened out of a thirty years' sleep, proposes to solve all difficulties by endowing the very men whose public truth is pledged over and over again to reject endowment!

The anti-Irish State Church is called a badge of serfdom. "Why, so is the Queen's head upon the coin of the realm," rejoins Mr. Agar-Ellis; and he says he has not heard of sovereigns and shillings being refused on the score of their reminding the receiver of the conquest of his country. He certainly pays a poor compliment to her Majesty by instituting a comparison between the mark of her gracious dominion as displayed on the coinage, and the mark of Irish prostration which is indicated by the State Church. Not five men in Ireland, probably, have the slightest objection that her Majesty should be their sovereign; the cause of discontent, even among the Fenians, is not the occupancy of the throne by the Queen; it is the objectionable and oppressive nature, as they deem it, of certain laws now in force. Mr. Agar-Ellis might also have remembered that the shilling or the sovereign is of use to the receiver, whether he be a Saxon who remembers the battle of Hastings, or an Irishman who remembers the invasion of Henry; but what use can the Catholics and Protestant Dissenters of Ireland make of the State Church? Mr. Agar-Ellis then tells us that the ecclesiastical State revenues are paid by the Protestant landlords, and not by the Catholic tenants. Just as if the Protestant landlords paid them out of any other funds than the money they receive from their tenants—whether under the designation of tithe, or of rent, is immaterial. Just as if the ecclesiastical State revenues, by whomsoever manipulated, were not originally wrenched from the Church of the Catholic tenantry, and unjustly bestowed on the Church of the Protestant landlords! If ever a great public wrong called aloud for restitution, assuredly it is this. Restitution cannot, indeed, be made by restoring the endowment to the Church that originally possessed it; but it can be made quite as effectually by secularizing that endowment, and applying it to purposes of general utility. Mr. Agar-Ellis says that it is the landlords alone who would be benefited by the dis-

endowment. Evidently he thinks only of unconditional disendowment, which nobody dreams of proposing. Then he intimates that the Fenians don't complain of the State Church; whence we doubtless should infer that it is not provocative of discontent, and should not be disturbed. We, however, have a very distinct recollection of a Fenian manifesto, in which the State Church was set down as a great national wrong; besides which, we can assure Mr. Agar-Ellis that there are many ardent friends of universal voluntarism in Ireland who are not Fenians. It is a mistake to suppose that the Fenians monopolize political dissatisfaction.

Having reproduced the effete fallacies we have noticed, Mr. Agar-Ellis says with much self-complacency, "I hope I have answered the ordinary objections." He then tries to terrify us with a prophetic vision of the horrors that will result from disendowment. "The abolition would do this: it would raise such a storm among the Protestants that I believe life would hardly be safe." Curious evidence this (if it be true) of the Christianizing result of three centuries of State Churchism! Life, we are gravely told, would be imperilled by the religious ire which would be aroused by depriving the State Church of the national spoils to which it has not, and never had, the slightest equitable title, or any other title than that of the strong hand mailed in legal technicalities. "Disendowment," says Mr. Agar-Ellis, "would rouse such a spirit of sectarianism among the resident owners of property that a system of coercive proselytism would be inaugurated which would make the country untenable for peace-loving people."

Coercive proselytism is a system that has already been tried without success. No doubt sectarian firebrands and sanguinary Orange fanatics would be as ready then as now to blow the furnace of religious and political discord. But we warn them that their personal safety might be compromised by any intolerable extravagances; and we add the expression of our belief that they form a minority which, although noisy and mischievous, is yet too insignificant, numerically and morally, among the Protestant proprietors, to justify the fears expressed by Mr. Agar-Ellis. We also remember that, in the former anti-tithe agitations, numerous Protestants, landlords and others, joined the popular demand for disendowment. We believe that a great number of Protestant landlords would be happy to purchase from the State the tithe-rentcharge on their estates at a moderate rate. Mr. Miall suggested ten years' purchase; and we have no doubt that his suggestion, if acted on by Parliament, would be eminently acceptable to the great majority of Irish landlords.

Mr. Ellis deprecates the application of the tithe-rentcharge to the purpose of a poor-rate. We are favourable to such an application, at least partially. It would lessen an oppressive tax. It would be a return to the original purpose to which, ages ago, the tithes of Ireland were in part dedicated. There are various other purposes, such as the drainage of bogs, the formation of railroads, the erection of hospitals, the deepening of harbours, the establishment of fishing-stations, which might advantageously engage the attention of commissioners appointed to examine and report upon the best use to be made of the secularized Church revenues.

Mr. Agar-Ellis talks of abolishing the sentimental grievance by making the tithe-rentcharge payable to the State, and then payable by the State to the Church. What notions he must have of the nature and extent of the grievance, if he really imagines that such a juggle as this would furnish a remedy! He then proposes a thorough revision of the internal management of the Church revenues. This is also, we suppose, assumed to be a *placebo* for Irish discontent. It would be as rational to suppose that a man whose house was robbed would be reconciled to the robbery by being assured that there should be a thorough internal revision of the mode in which the booty was distributed among the burglars. True, his goods were taken from him, but he might console himself with the belief that they would be divided between the thieves on principles of the most impartial and unimpeachable equity.

The utterances we have cited from the excellent Archdeacon and the respectable layman are fair samples of the helpless feebleness of all ordinary attempts to advocate the anti-Irish State Church. Mr. Agar-Ellis seems afraid that the present Government may discover some fine morning, under Mr. Disraeli's inspiration, that the abolition of that institution has been all along in accordance with the genuine principles of Conservatism. Perhaps he is right. We will not find fault with disendowment on account of the hands through which it may reach us. Meanwhile, we have the pleasure to assure our readers that the Irish and English friends of disendowment were never more thoroughly determined to persevere in the good work than they are at present. Their mutual good



understanding was never more cordial than now. The Secretary of the Liberation Society has spent the past few weeks in Ireland, where he has visited the principal ecclesiastical and lay friends of voluntarism; and we confidently expect that the result of his Irish tour will be the increased fervour, perseverance, and consequent strength of the united voluntaries of the two kingdoms. We cannot avoid again impressing on our Irish readers the indispensable necessity of energetic action. We in England understand no other proofs of political sincerity and earnestness than those which are afforded by legal and constitutional agitation. We advise our Irish friends, then, to make this question one of the first to be urged upon the consideration of their representatives, and through them upon the House of Commons. Protestantism is interested in the removal of a scandal; and we have no doubt whatever but that if the principles of the Reformed Church were allowed to act in a free and unembarrassed manner, and were disassociated with a patronage which is historically connected with the worst periods of our misgovernment of Ireland, the Mission of our ministers there would be more productive of good fruits, and less ridiculous in its proportions than, to our reproach, we find it at present.

#### THE ARREST OF GARIBALDI.

THE Italian Ministry has performed an unusually painful duty, and has redeemed its honour. The ultimatum delivered by Signor Rattazzi several days ago, and designed to meet the current rumours of Garibaldi's threatened attack upon the Papal territory, was the necessary consequence of the pledge taken by the Italian Government to respect the September Convention. Up till the last moment we were in hopes that Garibaldi would either abandon the design attributed to him, and allow the Popedom to wither away of its own accord, or at least that he would wait until some definite movement of the Roman people themselves would give a colour to his offer of assistance. But the vague reports of an intended attack on the Papal frontier which were telegraphed from every quarter during the past fortnight had too sure a foundation. Doubtless they were contradictory, for Garibaldi possesses the invaluable strategic gift of secrecy; but though they differed as to the precise movements of the volunteers, and as to the point on which the attack was to be made, they invariably asserted that the day was at hand when Garibaldi would fulfil his oft-repeated menace and march upon Rome. There being no longer any doubt that the long-contemplated expedition was about to take place, the course of the Italian Government was clear enough. They had to choose between two paths. Either they were bound to fulfil their part of the September Convention and protect the Roman territory at all hazards and at any cost, or they were, by conniving at the attempt of Garibaldi, to share the odium and glory of his attempt. No Government is infallible, and many people in this country had a shrewd suspicion that Rattazzi's warning against any such attack was but a blind, and that, while deprecating the assault of arms and professing a desire to shield the Pope, Victor Emmanuel, all the same, would not be disinclined to accept the fruits of the expedition if it turned out to be successful. Open complicity with the Garibaldians the Italian Government dared not risk—the least result of such a flagrant breach of faith would have been the return of the French troops to their post upon Italian soil, if not a more decided rupture with France; but what if Garibaldi were really to chase away that poor old Pope to some such safe resting-place as Schonbrunn? Was Rattazzi really determined to check a raid upon Rome, or did he only discountenance it while it remained unaccomplished and uncertain? These doubts and surmises were speedily resolved. The Ministry received notice of a simultaneous movement on the part of the Garibaldians towards the Papal frontier. Depots of arms had been placed in readiness, and thither the volunteers marched. There could be no mistake as to the intention of the men, and the Italian Government, having been forced to interfere, acted in a prompt, decisive, and generous manner. The volunteers who had arrived or were proceeding to those stations received notice to go back, and those who refused to obey were quietly laid hold of and conducted to their own home. General Garibaldi was also tracked, confronted, and summoned to abandon his enterprise. He was then, on the evening of the 23rd, at Asinalunga, a small town, which, from the hills of Siena, almost overlooks the Papal territory. He refused, was arrested, and for the time being the Pope was saved.

Singular, indeed, must be the political complications which could produce such an unhappy necessity. There is no man now living in Italy who has done so much for her as Garibaldi,

there is no man more widely and deeply loved by his countrymen, there is no man in Europe who has done more to keep alive our ideal of true, disinterested patriotism and of a noble heroism. It is not alone in Italy that the calamity of his arrest will be felt—that men will pause and wonder over the circumstances which have compelled a country to make prisoner of her noblest son. And yet it cannot be denied that Garibaldi's arrest, at the time it occurred, was the best thing that could have happened to him. Taken now, the Government will be able to liberate him when and where it pleases, and under whatever bond it desires to impose upon him. Captured a fortnight hence, in open war, in rebellion against the laws of his country, in defiance of her treaties, the method of dealing with Garibaldi would have been a far more puzzling and painful problem. Then, with that reckless daring which is characteristic of all his actions, what more probable than that he might have been killed by his own countrymen, or, what would have come to the same thing, been taken red-handed by the Papal soldiers? Such an event would have plunged Europe into grief, and would have left an indelible stain upon the vacillating and pusillanimous Ministry whose blunder had occasioned it. As matters stand, Garibaldi is arrested, but can hardly be called a prisoner. His liberty will be speedily granted him, most likely on condition that he agrees to abandon all enterprises of a similar kind to that which has now brought him into collision with the Government. Should such a promise be demanded from him, he will be more willing to give it now that he understands clearly the position which the Ministers of Victor Emmanuel mean to take. We should not be surprised if the larger portion of the volunteers who turned out to follow him upon this latest adventure of his were possessed by a happy disbelief in the reality of Rattazzi's intention to thwart their aim. Now they can have no excuse; and if the lesson of Aspromonte had no effect upon them, surely they will understand that a Government which not only prevents an attack, but anticipates it and imprisons the ringleader, is serious and resolved. So far, we believe the arrest of Garibaldi to have been a wise and necessary measure on the part of Rattazzi.

Unfortunately, the Italian Government is not Italy. It remains to be seen how the Italian people will receive this latest act of the King's representatives; and it is to be feared that the Ministry will become the scapegoat of an inevitable political crisis. If the recent riots in Calabria and elsewhere reveal anything like the true state of knowledge and education among the poorer classes, they are not likely to reason very impartially on the question. Either they distrust the Ministry and hate Garibaldi, or they love Garibaldi and distrust the Ministry. The successive Governments which have endeavoured to cope with the financial difficulties of Italy have so often and so indisputably failed, their expedients have so regularly fallen to the ground, and they have made such violent and desperate efforts to keep themselves in power, that the nation, generally speaking, has lost confidence in them. Tired of unintelligible budgets, ministerial quarrels, and diplomatic fanfarronade, the people see in Garibaldi a man of action, a man of set purpose, a man of few words and swift deeds—above all a hero, who appeals to their noblest sympathies by his personal bravery, his self-sacrifice, his impetuous and daring character. A conflict between Garibaldi and a Ministry does not promise well for the Ministry. Already the military have had to be called out to disperse crowds of people who paraded the streets of Florence demanding his release. It is too likely that the exigencies under which the Government had to act will be forgotten in the current of popular indignation; and it remains to be seen whether Rattazzi will be able to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. In any case, the Minister will know that he has acted as every honourable man in his place was bound to act; that his Government, having agreed to keep sacred the line of the Papal frontier from all aggressive movements, had no alternative but to nip this expedition in the bud, and place its author in temporary captivity. Much as we should like to see Italy compact and united—much as we should like to see the venerable Pope seek sanctuary in Spain or Austria—we should be sorry to witness a violent seizure of the Papal territory by those who have sworn to protect it; and we should be glad if the timely interference of the Government at this time were to convince the Garibaldians, as a body, of the injustice and the inappropriateness of their efforts. That is too much to expect, however. Men do not take up arms in a cause about which they can sit down and dispassionately argue. It is no political riddle, to be resolved on paper, which could draw away these volunteers from their homes and families, induce them to undergo all the privations of scanty provisions, hurried marches, and



to writ  
own p  
he ma  
the gr  
expect  
Boston  
Engla  
Mr.  
Printe  
exhan  
or nev  
they s  
servic  
per ce  
Sha  
law of  
referer  
Gazett  
Cresci

And t  
"True  
if Sha  
the di  
The  
origin  
"Dali  
drama  
purpo  
return  
with  
This  
Dr.  
Comr  
that t  
of me  
parts  
duties  
been  
of oth  
them  
conte  
comp  
Th  
age 1  
19th  
day  
belie  
but  
A  
entir  
for 1  
edito  
low  
Mr.  
Mrs.  
Mi  
an l  
The  
Pape  
in ti  
chap  
Gree  
Turf  
"Ta  
Tl  
(say  
the l  
serv  
Imp  
Soci  
to tl  
the  
whi  
A  
the  
inac  
shir  
is t  
defi  
spa  
A  
ann  
fir  
sec  
and  
J  
shi  
to l  
con  
spe  
the  
An  
(w  
the  
ni

inclement weather, and make them willing to prove their principles by testing them at the cannon's mouth. Without Garibaldi, nevertheless, they are nothing; and it is to be hoped that the Italian Government will succeed in obtaining from the General a definite promise that he will not again engage his enthusiastic followers in a similar expedition.

#### A HUMANE CLERGYMAN.

IN most of the books written upon England by foreigners during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, we find two grave accusations against Englishmen, love of drink and of cruelty. Of the first crime we may be convicted out of Shakespeare,—“Why your Englishman drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain. He gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle be filled.” Of the second crime, too, we may be convicted out of certain churchwardens’ books, by items noting that the Bible was occasionally sold to pay for the expenses of the yearly Easter bull-bait. We have lately, however, taken credit to ourselves for some improvement in these matters. Statistics show a steady decline in drunkenness. Bull-baiting and dog-fighting are happily all but extinct. Foreigners now praise us for two especial virtues,—our public charities and our humanity to animals. The latter has been especially selected as the chief characteristic of Englishmen. Comte, in one place, if we rightly remember, specifies our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals as one of our chief glories. But since Comte’s time we have instituted Homes and Refuges for Dogs. A reaction, however, has suddenly come over us. Down in Buckinghamshire the Blest the doctrine of torture is preached in practice by the Church and in theory by the Bench. It was only the other day that the Chancellor of the Exchequer sang a psalm upon the glories of that pleasant county. According to him, here, if anywhere in England, the reign of Saturn had really commenced. He gave a new version of—

“Ultima Cymæi venit jam carminis ætas,  
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo,  
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,  
Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.”

He praised the clergyman, and the length of his sermon. He praised the colour of the farmer’s barley—“the colour which the brewers love.” He praised the quality of the wheat, and the abundance of the eddish. Now, however, the Rev. William Harley, M.A., the rector of Turweston, Buckinghamshire, has done his best not merely to upset the views of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but to disappoint the hopes of all good men that some real progress was being made by mankind. On Saturday last this person was brought, at the Buckingham Petty Sessions, before Mr. R. Fitzgerald and other magistrates, to answer a charge preferred by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, that “he did illtreat, abuse, and torture a dog, by pouring spirits of turpentine on its hind parts.” The Rev. William Harley, it appears, admitted the fact of pouring the turpentine on the dog. The 18th of last August fell on a Sunday. The Rev. William Harley performed service in Turweston Church on that day. He read, we suppose, the Psalms for the evening, wherein occurs the verse, “O Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth.” The Rev. William Harley, however, applied the verse to himself. For upon coming out of church, he proceeded to wreak his vengeance upon a neighbour’s dog, whose offence was that it was in the rector’s grounds. “Let us catch this dog, and put turpentine upon him, and he will not come here again,” cried this humane man to his man-servant. In vain it was suggested to him, that water might answer the purpose. “Oh no,” he cried, “water has not the same effect as turpentine.” An inquisitor might have envied the Christian spirit of the Rev. William Harley’s reply. The wretched dog was then placed in a bag. The rector himself, as if fearing to trust any one else, went to the rectory for some turpentine. He quickly returned with a stone jar, holding a pint or more of the liquid. Some of it was then poured upon the root of the poor brute’s tail. In its agony it rushed to a pit. Driven from thence it endeavoured to take refuge in the village, “howling, yelping, turning round, and attempting to bite its hind parts as though in great pain.” Finally, the poor beast reached its home, where, in its agony, it ran round its master’s room, “with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, and making so much noise in crying that it was turned out, the owner fearing it might be mad.”

Such is the evidence. Perhaps the Rev. William Harley may hold peculiar views about dogs. He may think that in these days we have approached too near to Pantheism, when a

dog has been styled by one of the greatest of modern poets, “man’s loving fellow-creature.” Shut up in the study of the retired rectory of Turweston, poring over his library of Greek and Latin authors, he may have been led astray by such Homeric epithets and phrases as *κυνόπτης* and *κυνὸς ὄμμαρ’ ἔχων*. But we do him injustice. He no doubt devotes his day not to the study of profane poets, but to the elucidation of the Bible. The dog was, we know, in the Old Testament, according to the Judaic Law, an unclean animal. David compares his enemies to dogs, and Solomon sinners to dogs returning to their vomit. Perhaps the Rev. William Harley takes the text in Matthew—“Give not that which is holy to the dogs” in a literal sense, and on that principle poured turpentine on the hind parts of his neighbour’s animal. We need not, however, waste time in making conjectures upon the Rev. William Harley’s views about dogs. One view he seems to have held very strongly, that he could with impunity torture a dog by paying. This he next day admitted to the police-constable of Turweston. “Better have been born a dog,” is evidently a meaningless proverb down at Turweston, where you may torture an animal as much as you please, if you will only pay according to the rector, or if you don’t pay according to the Buckinghamshire magistrates. “No more pity in him than in a dog,” is, too, in that village an equally senseless adage. For the future the reading must be, “No more pity in him than in Harley.”

On Saturday last, then, the rector of Turweston was summoned, as we have said, at the Buckinghamshire Petty Sessions to answer the charge of cruelty. The fact of pouring turpentine on the dog was not denied. The injured parts bore testimony to the cruelty. Mr. Broad, member of the Council of the Royal Veterinary College, deposed that “it was a gross act of cruelty to apply turpentine in the manner described, and that the spirit would inevitably run into the most sensitive parts of the animal, and cause excruciating pain.” Nor was this all. Mr. Broad further stated that from “the tendency to run round and round, and other symptoms, it was clear to him that the hair of the animal had conducted the spirit to the membrane of the rectum, and that it had been burnt by the fluid.” For the defence, it was urged that the Rev. William Harley did not intend to commit cruelty. The Rev. William Harley, in short, did not consider it cruelty to pour turpentine on the most sensitive parts of a dog. The Rev. William Harley did not consider it cruelty to torture a dumb animal till it howled with pain in its agony, till its tongue hung out of its mouth. But the Rev. William Harley is a humane man. So at least say the Buckinghamshire magistrates.

Such is a picture of the Rev. William Harley, as painted by himself, or rather by his solicitor, who appeared for him, and Mr. R. Fitzgerald, the chairman of the bench of magistrates. The opponents of Christianity have often before now remarked that the New Testament omits any positive teaching with regard to slavery and our dealings with the lower animals. The Rev. William Harley is going to take away that reproach. Christianity with him, as civilization often does with savages, introduces a more cruel element into human nature. When Duke Abbas, late Prince of the Johanna Islands, had learnt a little English and civilization, he would allow no executions in his dominions. When a negro was tied to a tree in the last stage of starvation, with his eyes starting from their sockets, and his parched, swollen tongue hanging out of his mouth, he was wont to remark, “Me most merciful man! Me no take away life. Me tie bad man up dis way. Me no gid him nothink to drink, and nothink to eat, till he die all of himself. Me most merciful man!” These were apparently the Rev. William Harley’s views. When the poor wretched dog ran howling in its agony, writhing round and round in its torture, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, he calls himself a merciful man. Others would have said kill the dog, put the wretched brute at once out of its misery. But the Rev. William Harley is a humane man. So at least say the Buckinghamshire magistrates.

The inquiry, however, into the Rev. William Harley’s conduct is more fitting for his Bishop than for the Buckinghamshire magistrates. We should much like to know how this preacher of the Gospel and dog-tormentor can, after this, reprove any of his parishioners for cruelty? We should much like to know how this pourer of turpentine on a dog’s hind parts can ever read from the desk in Turweston Church such verses as “The righteous is ever merciful;” and “Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy”? We should much like to know how this dog-torturer would interpret such a text as “The righteous regards the life of his beast.” With the Rev. William Harley it would mean burning the animal with turpentine till it howled in agony.

It is, however, useless adding another word. The Rev.



William Harley is evidently one of those men who cannot be brought to feel mere words. Physical pain is the only punishment which such men as he can feel. It is, probably, no punishment whatever to him to be held up to public execration. We must, however, add a word upon Mr. Fitzgerald's encomium. In his capacity of chairman he said, "I have much pleasure in informing Mr. Harley that he leaves the court without a stain upon his reputation as a Christian minister, a gentleman, and a humane man." Mr. Fitzgerald's and his brother magistrates' idea of humanity is that it is compatible with pouring turpentine on a dog's hind-quarters. At Wellington the magistrates have lately imprisoned a poor woman for the crime of gleaning. At Buckingham the magistrates applauded a clergyman for torturing a dog. One of the first questions which must engage the attention of a reformed Parliament will be that of county magistrates. Justice has become nearly impossible under the present system.

#### THE ATTITUDE OF PRUSSIA.

It is but a fortnight ago that we had occasion to speak of the admirable reticence of King William—a reticence which was then also adopted by the official and non-official papers of Berlin. Prussia was evidently too busy to be rhetorical, and too wise to be obtrusively triumphant in tone. Apparently, however, the incessant and gratuitous attacks of the Parisian press have stung her into reprisals; and in the recent diplomatic circular of Count Bismarck she sends a significant warning to all who fancy they have a divine commission to preserve the balance of power in Europe by interfering with the work of German unification. Count Bismarck's circular, frank and explicit as are all the utterances of that statesman, has naturally provoked the already exasperated newspapers of Paris into a temporary fury, and the clamour for war would probably become really serious if it were less incoherent. "Dare to cross the Maine, and we shall see," says the *Presse*. But Prussia has crossed the Maine. The armies of South Germany, as we formerly pointed out, are, by the treaties of August last, as wholly under the command of King William as if they had been recruited from the Pomeranian peasantry, while deputies from the other side of the Maine sit in the North German Parliament in order to discuss matters connected with the Zollverein. Suppose the Prussian monarch were to call up a few regiments of the Landwehr and station them along the French frontier, would the *Presse* be silent if these regiments were dressed in invisible grey? Whatever of insecurity is threatened against France by a combination of the North and South German Confederations has been in existence for months. Prussia crossed the Maine in August, and France knew it in October: why did she not go to war then? Military theorists declared that the postponement of the war would work wholly in favour of France. A few months' delay, or a year's delay, would enable her to improve her arms and gather together a store of provisions and war material; while the same delay would lessen the military ardour of Prussia, then at its highest point, by accustoming the disbanded Landwehr regiments to the simple luxuries of their home-life, and making them unwilling to interrupt again the course of their ordinary labours. Delay, in short, was a specific for enabling France and Prussia to meet on equal terms.

But those politicians and writers who advocated at that time the advantages of a temporary peace, and looked forward to a not very distant period when France should be fully prepared to enter into a conflict with the new German Power, reckoned without their host if they fancied that in the interval Prussia would remain idle. In that interval the Government has not only won over the National Liberals, but has even induced the Fortschritt party to lend a helping hand in completing the not very Radical programme of North German Consolidation. The Governments of the Confederated States have universally accepted Prussian reforms in postal, currency, and other matters; and are of one accord with Prussia in their views of the political future. Indeed, so rapid and successful has been the course of Bismarck's diplomacy, that it has been found possible to extend to the recently-annexed States—that is to say, Hanover, Nassau, Electoral Hesse, and Schleswig Holstein—a "participation in the constitutional life of the other provinces of the kingdom;" and they are about to be invited to elect deputies for the Prussian Parliament. Poor King George has at length consented to be pacified, and having agreed to accept a sum of money in lieu of his beloved kingdom, there will be no further need for Hanoverian knights-errant to incur the displeasure of the Berlin police by fruitless conspiracies. What the sum is for which King George has

bartered his crown we are not told; but, considering his age, his peaceable disposition, and the rather unceremonious way he was hustled out of his throne because in a moment of panic he suddenly lost his head, we trust that his brother monarch will allow him to retire upon a moderate competency. A similar arrangement has been concluded between the Prussian Government and the Duke of Nassau. The Duke consents to accept a certain sum of money in Prussian stock, with a present of a few castles in Nassau, as an equivalent for ceding his entire duchy to Prussia. He may, therefore, live in peace in his own country; and travellers sailing up the Rhine and looking at his prettily decorated palace of Bietrich need no longer shrug their shoulders and pity the unlucky owner. And while we are considering this wholesale buying and selling of kingdoms—a method of settling disputes which seems to be coming more and more into vogue in Europe—it is worth while to examine the curious bargain by which Prussia has just obtained practical mastery over Waldeck-Pyrmont. Waldeck is a little triangular principality lying between Electoral Hesse, which is now Prussian territory, and Westphalia. This miniature State, the annual revenue of which is scarcely £60,000 a year, must therefore have lain like a small but ugly blot on the map of Prussia as drawn out by Count Bismarck. The Prussian Government had no sort of excuse for incorporating this perplexing corner of land, the inhabitants never having dreamed of engaging in the late war. The treaty between Waldeck-Pyrmont and Prussia, however, which was published a few days ago, reveals the means by which Count Bismarck proposes to Prussianize the little State. His Highness the Prince has consented to become the ornamental sovereign of the territory, to represent it abroad, and enjoy the honour and glory of his position at home, while he resigns, into the hands of a governor to be appointed by Prussia, the direction of the home and foreign politics of Waldeck-Pyrmont. Prussia, in fact, is to be at the expense of providing a business manager for the principality, while the Prince lives at his ease and enjoys his royal dignities without being harassed by those cares which usually accompany the kingly office. The Waldeck Consistory as Supreme Ecclesiastical Court is, however, religiously excluded from the treaty, Prussia feeling herself competent only to deal with the temporal affairs of his Highness the Prince. The King of Prussia receives the entire executive power of the principality; further, collects the revenue and regulates the expenditure; also takes upon himself the reorganization of the departments of justice and administration; finally, undertakes to provide situations in Prussia for all public officers and servants who are to be replaced by King William's nominees. If any of the now existing public officers, from *Heimweh*, or old age, or family ties, should be disinclined to pack up their household gods and accept the proffered employment in Prussia, they will receive a retiring pension according to the Waldeck public-service law, or be placed on a provisional allowance. This agreement between the two Powers—and it is difficult to think of one better calculated to Prussianize the coveted principality—remains binding for ten years, at the expiry of which time, if neither of the consenting parties gives previous notice, it shall be prolonged for another ten years. Adieu, Waldeck!

This, then, is the position which Prussia has been enabled to take up in order to confront foreign menace. Let it be said in justice to her that her Ministry and her press have alike shown a singular moderation in vaunting her prowess before the world; and that when she had vanquished the most resplendent, if not the most efficient army in Europe, the Prussian eagle did not bark half as loudly as another eagle with which we are acquainted would have done under similar circumstances. The circular of Count Bismarck is a firm and statesmanlike reply to the windy accusations of the French press; and it is commented upon by the *North German Gazette*—whose comments may almost be considered the utterances of Bismarck himself—in a manner which is worthy of attention. The semi-official journal points out that it is not the coercion by Prussia of the South German States which must determine whether North and South Germany shall be united by a closer bond. The Southern States are left to their own free will; and it is only through a voluntary effort at union on their part that Prussia can hope to have real allies in the South. A nation, adds the *Gazette*, which has advanced with so much moderation, and which so willingly respects every foreign right, as Prussia, "is entitled to expect that its rights will be respected by other nations in a similar manner." And, indeed, if we look over the history of the past eight months, we must be struck by the fact that the unification of Germany has been so far accomplished without a tithe of the individual or national hardships which one might well have expected. Doubtless, it is very humiliating



for the King of Saxony to give up the command of his army to Prussia; doubtless, King George feels aggrieved that he has been forced to sell his kingdom; doubtless, half a dozen dukes and princes bewail the loss of their hereditary title; but the wonder is that they have fared so well; that a great revolution such as Prussia has accomplished has been effected with so few injuries to existing rights. There never was a vast political movement which left so little after-current of dissatisfaction and resentment; probably because Prussia, from the beginning of the struggle, had the moral support of all those Germans, under whatever Government they happened to live, who saw that her efforts aimed at German unity. The intellect of Germany was, and is, with Prussia. France, therefore, if she insists upon going to war, will face a nation not composed of a number of hurriedly agglomerated States, but a nation animated with but one sentiment and one desire. There is only one thing wanting, as we have said before, to complete the bond between the South and North German Confederacies—and that is, a declaration of war by France. If war is inevitable, Prussia will not take the initiative. Should the Opposition papers in Paris be successful in forcing the French Government to take up arms, they will precipitate the result which they seem chiefly to fear—the translation of the newly-awakened feeling of German unity from a passive into an active and aggressive mood.

#### SPANISH CERTIFICATES AND PASSIVES.

THERE is always a great deal of unappreciated humour about Spanish finance. In the year 1851 Bravo Murillo, then Minister of Finance and Premier, made an arrangement which he hoped would satisfy the public creditor. It was so good a practical joke that the Exchanges of London, Amsterdam, and Frankfurt immediately closed against Spanish securities, and have never since reopened to them. The only comfortable or reasonable part of that arrangement had reference to some £52,000,000 of stock, which was henceforth to consist of Passive Bonds. The nature of the bargain was this. No bondholder was to think of receiving interest, but all the bondholders were to receive their principal, in process of time, at par. This was to be done by the appropriation of every available resource for the amortization of the debt. Conspicuous amongst those resources was the sale of certain Government lands, which was immediately to take place. The Spanish Ministry of Finance perceived that there was a great deficiency of humour in so sensible and honourable an arrangement; so it set itself to play a trick with its creditors not contemplated in the original programme, though that was sufficiently jocose. Not only were the lands not sold for the benefit of the Passive Bondholders, but some of them were sold for the benefit of the Spanish exchequer. This joke told so badly that in 1861, ten years after the three bourses already named had been closed against Spain, the Paris Bourse followed suit. After this, considerable gloom and dullness settled on the Spanish market, and it appeared to be felt that something must be done to enliven it, especially as to keep up the comedy was the only chance of keeping up the receipts. The new stroke of humour is now occupying the attention of the Stock Exchange, and even attracting to the subject persons who, beyond a general idea that Spain is the Jeremy Diddler of Europe, have had no notion hitherto how droll its performances are. To add to the general amusement, which is very intense to those who are not personally concerned, the Spanish Government have now succeeded in setting by the ears all the English capitalists with whom they have to do. Messrs. Baring & Co. are abused by the Passive Bondholders for introducing to them the scheme upon which the Spanish Government depends for forcing them into a new position and a new advance of capital. The Certificate-holders are rated by the Passive Bondholders for having accepted terms which, reasonably favourable to them, will leave the Passives, with whom they have hitherto made common cause, absolutely in the lurch. The Passive Bondholders have another grudge against their own chairman, Mr. David Robertson, M.P., who, after having long stood before the world as the representative holder of Spanish Passives, has retired from his position after making arrangements with Messrs. Baring, which the Passive holders say are distinctly in favour of the Certificate-holders, of whom Mr. Robertson is said to be one to a larger amount than that for which he is involved in the interests of those over whom he has so long presided. Lastly, even the Certificate-holders, for whose benefit the new arrangement is being made, are not satisfied with the course things are taking. Spain is not exactly the Power to which one would trust untold gold or bank notes of which one had not taken the numbers; and Messrs. Rothschild and Capel are bitterly

blamed for proposing to hand over the counterfoils of the Certificates which are to be converted, not to the manager of the London & County Bank, as originally proposed, but to the Spanish Commission, with the slightest check or control on the part of the Certificate-holders. Thus we have as pretty a quarrel as could be desired even by the liveliest of Irishmen, and for bystanders the fun would be very good indeed if financial matters in general, and Spanish finance in particular, were not so exceedingly dry and difficult to understand. If our readers will give us their attention for a moment or two we fancy we can show them, without any attempt at drollery on our own part, that the Spanish Government are as facetious as ever, and not at all likely to fail in raising money if raising smiles has anything to do with it. The first thing to be understood is that hitherto the Passives have been the best, and the Certificates have been the worst feature in the foreign obligations of Spain. In reference to the Passives the Spanish Government did not perform, but to the Certificate-holders they did not even promise; and until 1866 the question of their recognition or repudiation was still undetermined. Spanish authorities themselves have not been slow to acknowledge that the exclusion from the London Exchange on account of the treatment of the Certificate-holders was by no means a jocular incident. Don Luis Pastor, ex-Minister of Finance, complained that the injustice which was thus punished had deprived the country of "abundant capital which, but for this circumstance, would have given impulse to a multitude of projects of great utility for the increase of our wealth." In 1865 an attempt was made to remove the objections of the London Stock Exchange to deal in New Spanish Securities on the pretence of raising a 12 per cent. loan on the Certificated Stock valued at 30 per cent. But even that failed, and the Spanish managers at last perceived that only by an arrangement such as would really commend itself to the Certificate-holders could the remorseless rule 57 of the London Stock Exchange be evaded. One of the most amusing points of this part of the business is, moreover, that whenever it has been proposed in the Cortes to do anything towards restoring the national credit, quieting the national creditor, and getting admitted to the European exchanges, the Minister proposing it has been assailed with the most virulent persecution, and accused of wishing to pander for interested reasons to foreign Powers. Probably the new arrangement owes its acceptableness to the fact that, while pacifying the Certificates, it would cheat the Passives. But even this last *jeu d'esprit* is likely to go unappreciated. Although the treatment of the Certificate-holders has hitherto been the principal reason for the exclusion of Spain from the London Exchange, the treatment of the Passive Bondholders is obviously quite as much opposed to the 57th rule of the Stock Exchange. That rule says, that no new foreign bonds or other securities shall be recognised when the Government issuing them has not paid the dividends on former loans raised in this country, unless a satisfactory arrangement shall have been made with the holders of the old stock. Now the Passives do not expect interest. Under the arrangement of 1851, they can only claim the gradual liquidation of their principal at par by a really operative sinking fund. But they only surrendered their right to their interest on the faith of an arrangement which has never been carried out, and the Stock Exchange is bound to protect them against a compulsory arrangement by which they must not only accept another stock, but throw more good money away, in order to preserve what has hitherto proved a very bad debt. To those who understand such documents, we cannot better explain the real character of the swindle attempted to be perpetrated by the Spanish Government upon the miserable Passive Bondholders than by extracting the terms of the proposed forced conversion from the circular of Messrs. Baring & Co.:—

"The Foreign Passive Debt, or Second Class Exterior, will be valued at 32 per cent., and the holders must take \$150 Consolidated 3 per Cent. Stock for each \$100 Passive Stock which they present for conversion, paying cash for the balance. For example:—To convert £1,020 or \$4,800 of this class, the holder takes  
£1,530 or \$7,200 Consolidated 3 per Cent. Bonds at 40  
per cent. .... £612 0 0  
Deduct for £1,020 at 32 per cent. .... 326 8 0  
Balance which he has to pay in cash ..... £285 12 0"

The cool humour of this illustration must be appreciated by all except the holders of Passive Bonds; but they are little in a condition to enjoy the fun. Even were they disposed to trust the honour of the Spanish Government to the fulness necessary for the accomplishment of the present iniquitous scheme, many of them have not the "Balance which he has to pay in cash" of which Messrs. Baring write so pleasantly; and yet if they



do not find this money their property will be at the mercy of the Government which has already shown how little they regard their creditors' rights. What the Spanish Government say to the Passive holders is, in effect, this: "We owe you \$100, as represented by the Passive Bond, on which we pay no interest, and are not bound to pay any, which we have promised to redeem at par but which you may be pretty certain will not be so redeemed. We will, however, buy this 100 dollars of you at 32 per cent. if you will buy of us 150 dollars of a new three per cent. stock at 40 per cent." Now, supposing the bondholders do not accept, they are at the mercy of the most dishonest nation in the world. If they do accept, what will be their position? Every holder of \$4,800, or £1,020 of Passive stock, who invests is bound to take \$7,200, or £1,530 of the new stock, and he must pay down in ready money £285. 12s. Now the market value of the £1,020 of Passive stock as it stands is rather less than £200. So that the Spanish Government is exactly like a private debtor who says, "You have my bill for £20. Lend me £30 and I will pay you your £20." Only the strongest language can fitly characterize a forced arrangement on such a basis. It is evident the Spanish Government think that by making reasonably fair terms with the Certificate-holders, they may rob the Passives at discretion. As the object of the move is to gain admission to the London Stock Exchange, it will be best dealt with by the continued refusal of the Committee to depart from or soften the application of rule 57. The association of the magical name of Baring with such a transaction suggests another consideration which will dwell rather tenaciously in the minds of those who understand this very ugly question. What is the precise degree of supererogatory eminence and unimpeachableness at which a firm must arrive before it can afford to stand sponsor for the most discreditable financial proposals of the most faithless Exchequer in Europe?

#### LAW AS A SOCIAL SCIENCE.

SNEERS at the discussions of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science are, unfortunately, too commonly heard on the meeting of each Congress. We are told that the inquiries started are too vague and extensive, and the conclusions are necessarily Utopian. As these objections are mostly made by persons who call themselves practical men, and as many of these practical men are at the bar, it is not likely that Mr. Justice O'Hagan's admirable address will escape their censure. But though this address was delivered by the President of a Section in the Social Science Congress, it cannot be said that it is the work of a mere theorist. Although it repeats some of the arguments that have been made by the speculators and visionaries of former meetings, it cannot be said that it is unsupported by great legal authority. Since the report of the Commission on the Digest of the Law has been made public, the word "code" has ceased to be the laughing-stock of a profession, and has become the necessity of the age. When some of the highest judicial minds in the kingdom agree that the present confusion of the law is hopeless, and when their decision is almost unanimously ratified by those who are struggling in the midst of that bog, there is some hope of a practical remedy. Yet we may fairly conclude that this unanimity would not have been reached if there had been no previous disagreement, and that if theorists had not exposed the evils of the system the profession would have been content to wait still longer for a cure. The man who had false calves allowed pins to be stuck into them without a murmur. But as soon as attention was called to this novel pincushion he affected to be in excruciating torture, and yelled till he was relieved. The lawyers have for some time past put up with unintelligible statutes, conflicting decisions, and the perplexities of black letter. Now that the public is allowed to see their suffering, they shriek and implore that the pins may be taken out of their calves, and they quite forget how long the process of planting the pins there has continued.

We have more than once observed that a chief cause of the increasing confusion of the law is the accumulation of cumbrous and unnecessary statutes, coupled with the mode in which these statutes are expounded by the writers of text-books. Mr. Justice O'Hagan is impressed with the necessity of remedying this evil, and he passes a judgment on our Acts of Parliament which is by no means too severe for the majority of them. "We have had," he says, "admirable Acts prepared from time to time, Acts in which each word has its value, and all the clauses hang together in clear logical dependence and full harmony with each other. But the Bills which are ordinarily introduced into the Legislature are too often inexact in their

phraseology, and slipshod in their frame; and when they have run the gauntlet of the Houses, and been modified according to the crude notions of individual members, imparting special clauses for particular objects, without any reference to or care for their general scheme and scope, they receive the assent of the Sovereign in a condition of obscurity and confusion, puzzling to the judges who must interpret them, fruitful of vexatious litigation, and necessitating speedy and difficult amendment." How true this is of the statutes at large appears, unfortunately, from the most limited acquaintance with them. But though this is bad enough, it is not the whole of the mischief. These Acts are often passed to override a series of judicial decisions. A rule of law has been established by a succession of judges, and is not in harmony with public opinion. Through the medium of one of its representatives, public opinion has a Bill brought in. This Bill is not drawn by an able and clear-headed lawyer, who knows what he has to say, and is familiar with the forms in which he has to express his meaning. It is either the work of an amateur draughtsman, who, in trying to catch the slang of an Act of Parliament, loses sight of the rules of grammar, or it is drawn by a professional draughtsman without proper instructions, and with a very faint idea of the object in view. After this come the individual amendments touched upon by Mr. Justice O'Hagan. Without wishing to be disrespectful, we must say that these suggestions seem often to proceed from persons who do not understand the original clause, and are not much clearer as to their own amendment. But when the Bill is passed, and the judges are expected to obey it, we can hardly wonder if they prefer their own clear rule to this hazy modification. Even if they wished to follow the Act, their task would be anything but easy. But they generally feel a pride in circumventing Acts which are made against them, and it is too much to expect them to refrain from so cheap a triumph. An Act with the most obvious intention so often passed over with an indifferent remark that if the Legislature had wished to convey such a meaning, nothing would have been simpler than to have stated it directly. And no doubt nothing would be simpler if the work of drawing Acts was intrusted to competent men, who could refuse to write what they did not understand, and could be trusted to impart to others their own comprehension.

If, however, the attempts of the Legislature to overrule cases are so frequently wrecked against the conservatism of the judges, it must be said that this conservatism is the child of duty rather than of prejudice. Modern judges feel themselves bound by the decisions of their predecessors. It is not that case law is always good and statute law always bad, for there are good statutes and bad cases; but until a case has been distinctly overruled, either by clear words of the Legislature, or an express decision of a higher court, the judges will only hint at its faults, and "distinguish it from the present." There is something painful in the ingenuity which is sometimes wasted on these distinctions. A judge has to decide a point on which one court has pronounced strongly one way, and another court has pronounced as strongly another way. Which is he to follow? Both are equally positive. Both are equally binding. Both are appealed to in turn by counsel on either side, and it is plain that, but for this conflict of authority, one of the litigants would have yielded at the outset. The result is, that the lower court must distinguish, and leave the balance to be redressed by the Exchequer Chamber. Yet it may happen that the one who is vanquished below does not care to renew the struggle, and, if so, a third shade of opinion is added to the two first contradictions. If there were only three cases that governed any point, the jarring decisions would be a fruitful source of evil. But the mass of cases is such that there is no end to legal difficulties. It would be hard to advance any proposition, however extravagant, which could not be supported by some *dictum* hid away in some dirty volume. "I've always told Mr. — that he ought to burn that book!" said a judge the other day, when a musty tome of reports was produced at chambers. Much the same was Lord Abinger's verdict on "Wentworth's System of Pleading," which still occupies some space in our libraries. Yet, until such books are burnt, they will continue to be cited. If they do not impose on judges, they will awe the laity. To a person who only knows that a case must be cited, one case is just as good as another. And so long as no distinct principles of law are evolved from cases in general, it is difficult to see why one should not be as good as another. The text-books which content themselves with quoting the head-note of a report, and which labour to make themselves nothing more than an index, are partly to blame for the present wilderness of cases. But so long as the reports are to be the bases of law, the writers of text-books may not think it worth their while to interpret what



is susceptible of such various readings, and may shrink from committing themselves to a clearness which might be fatal to their future success.

Mr. Justice O'Hagan points to the steps which have been taken for the consolidation of the criminal law as affording us some guidance in the work of civil codification. But he must be aware that very much remains to be done in the criminal branch of the law, and that the success of which he speaks has been partial. We are the more assured of this from the way in which he contrasts the English with the Irish system of prosecutions, the private and voluntary custom of England with the ordered mechanism of Ireland. The want of a public prosecutor, under the English law, necessarily imparts a personal character to all criminal procedure. "The most exalted features of the Crown and the most sacred rights of the subject are," as Mr. Justice O'Hagan quotes from a speech of Mr. Phillimore's, "left to the discretion of attorneys and policemen." As a natural consequence prosecutions are often vindictive, and defences are often rested on the ground of private malice. No doubt, even if there were a public prosecutor, a man's enemies might set the law in motion; but when the law began to act, the management of the case would pass out of their hands. At present, whether there is malice or not, there is much the same feeling as inspires a law-suit. The prosecutor wants to win, if only that he has been bound over to prosecute. It is said in a work of considerable authority that the counsel for the prosecution is absolute master of the field, and may abstain from calling evidence if he thinks there is no case against the prisoner. But it needs some position and experience for a man to see that calling witnesses will be a sheer waste of time, and to overcome the scruples of the client who has instructed him. No one likes to put a brief into a barrister's hands and then hear himself thrown over as soon as the jury is sworn. Young barristers think it their duty to fight, even if the case is hopeless. Their client has been defrauded, and they ought to stand by him. Even a practised criminal lawyer fell into this mistake the other day, and said he had advised the prosecutor not to go on because there was no hope of a verdict. "You mean no fear of a verdict," said the judge, correcting him, and indeed the difference was that between revenge and justice. Yet so long as criminal causes are entitled "The Queen on the prosecution of — v. —," they must possess an element of private litigation. The remark which was so commonly made when proceedings were instituted against Mr. Eyre and his subordinates, that the Government ought either to have prosecuted or defended them, showed that the common people were gradually coming round to the reform advocated by Mr. Justice O'Hagan. The Irish Attorney-General has all the more important criminal cases submitted to him in the first instance; if he declines to prosecute, private persons are allowed to do so; but even then he has the right of entering a *nolle prosequi* on their indictments. Mr. Justice O'Hagan says that the Irish system works well. There is a similar system in Scotland with the Procurator Fiscal for the public prosecutor, and that is also said to work well. We do not wish to have a servile imitation of either set up suddenly in England. But our voluntary system is not such absolute perfection as to make us too proud to learn from our neighbours, and even if it worked well, which is not always the case, there is a possibility of its being made better.

Such are the chief points suggested by Mr. Justice O'Hagan's address. We have rather confined ourselves to its practical bearings, as we are not in a Presbyterian church speaking to a section of the Social Science Congress. Of course, there is much detail to which we have been unable to do justice. The sketch of the existing European codes and of the new one which is being drawn up in America, the account of ancient Irish law, and the masterly appeal to the future of English jurisprudence, elevated the address beyond all temporary standards, and made it a new manifesto of law reform. Words such as those we can only praise; we cannot hope to echo them.

#### VOX EX EREMO.

THE world is still on its jaunt. But the London tradesman begins to look wistfully for the old faces that frequent his emporium. He must wait, however, a little longer. If the mountain districts are emptying, the sunshine of the plain still tempts the traveller to stop; if Switzerland is sinking into its winter slumber, the south side of the Alps is all softness and beauty. Yet the holidays are nearly over. The Alpine climber, with his neck firm on his shoulders, is beginning to survey with a glow of self-gratulation the dangers through which he has passed, and is already furbishing up his tale of hairbreadth escapes for home consumption, whilst the less

adventurous portions of the community are winding up their enthusiastic remarks on Chamouni and the Oberland; the newly-married couples are looking forward to the novel trials of housekeeping; the old ones to the meeting with their families again, or to the composition of fresh domestic budgets. Arithmetic is becoming with many the order of the day, as doubts arise whether the purse will admit of a few days in Paris to clinch the tour with a hurried view of the world's products. The light-heartedness which seems to settle on the Englishman as he arrives at Calais after the pangs of the Channel is gradually wearing away before our constitutional gloom. The frankness with which we meet our countrymen on a mountain-pass or in a village inn is being exchanged for the national air of suspicion, which condemns a stranger because he is a stranger. The sheep who have been straying within our own borders are gradually being driven into the fold. The grouse, where the disease has not decimated them, must be left till bright mornings on the top of a frost again induce them to give the sportsmen a chance, and the partridges have had nearly their fair share of pepper. We do not know when the shrimp season closes, but Margate must be getting dull by this time. The *al fresco* existence which obtains in that fascinating retreat must give way to life indoors, and when you need fires you do wisely to come home.

Pall-mall is still a desert. A few shadows are to be seen in the windows, but they look as friendless as the men who frequent them on Christmas-day. Not but that there are plenty of members who are yearning to return to the well-known cuisine and the well-known vintage, but they do not dare to face the loneliness which would surround them, or to try the old corner without the faces which are wont to greet them. Perhaps, too, their club is undergoing repair, and they are fated to experience the drawbacks of outdoor relief. The reception may be hospitable, and the entertainment good, but the veteran clubber misses his table, and the waiter who anticipates his smallest wants. It is like beginning life over again to encounter a fresh staff, and to live in rooms which, like David's armour, have not been tried. The club is the home of certain men, and they feel as strong as anybody that "home is home be it never so homely;" if you consulted them as to the propriety of shutting them out for the purpose of cleaning and decorating, there is little doubt which way they would vote. Even now you may occasionally catch a knot of men who are evidently bent on defying the season, and creating society out of the surrounding vacuum. There is a seriousness about them, a doggedness of purpose, which shows that they appreciate the difficulties of their position. But still they struggle on, and their labour is not quite in vain. It is rather an interesting question to know what becomes of the club-bores. Their place is vacant, and for the nonce they seem to fall under the category of dead postboys and donkeys. Where is the respectable gentleman who, having taken Orders, feels himself incapable of its duties, and, taking refuge in a late breakfast, spends the rest of the day in pursuing his fellow-men from table to table, and wearying them out in detail? Where is the writer of articles, who devotes his mornings to sucking the brains of the few and unfortunate members who are blessed with that appendage? The ancient nuisance who snores on the sofa with a brace of newspapers in his lap is also away, but he will come back as certainly as the swallows. No doubt there is a luxury in finding your club without these horrors, but, after all, it is dull work playing Robinson Crusoe. A week of it, and you yearn after the stertorous man; a fortnight, and you would welcome back the whole gang of your pet aversions. No place is like Pall-mall for teaching a man that he was not born to live alone. The most confirmed bachelor must have doubts in the long vacation as to the propriety of single blessedness, and he is fain to encounter the antagonistic influences of some hackneyed watering-place. Nothing can be more hateful to his inner nature than German baths, where he must gasp in an atmosphere of hot water and intrigue; yet he is to be found there. The fresh beauties of Switzerland cannot rouse his enthusiasm, and its bracing air cannot stimulate his enfeebled digestion; and, notwithstanding, you may catch a stray specimen at Ouchy. Wales may offer him a refuge, and amidst a cloud of Bohemians and Government clerks you may light upon an elderly son of the town. He is not hard to distinguish. Well-dressed, precise, and peevish, he carries upon him signs of his condition as distinct as the mark of Cain.

If we wished any further proof of the fact that London is still empty, it may be found in the newspapers. During nine months in the year, the English press deservedly takes its place at the head of our civilization. Whatever is done or ought to be done finds able advocates in its columns. Faction may sometimes have a voice there, and judicial impartiality is at



times a mere theoretical adjunct. But still, in spite of these shortcomings, it is seldom dull, till the end of the session. And then comes the period of collapse. The pen seems to grow rusty, and the brains addled, as the grouse get fairly on the wing. The age of correspondence begins. Now is the time for grievances, and the list in the public prints becomes interminable. The clergyman is at last allowed to appeal on behalf of his congregation, the ratepayer retails his sorrows, the visionary tells his dreams. And when the world is away bent on its own pleasures, they have free space, each one for his particular vagary. Things in themselves of slight importance seem to acquire portentous dimensions. The misconduct of a stipendiary becomes an affair of State, the evidence of a few eccentric parsons on the question of costume is a matter of national interest, and the social meeting of bishops is regarded as one likely to involve the truths of Christianity itself. Politics are relegated to the autumn, when our representatives have had time to con over their confessions, and to work at the difficult task of reconciling their votes with their pledges on the hustings. In the mean time, the journals reflect the spirit of a watering-place. Petty demonstrations and idle squabbles form the sustenance of the hour. The straws float once more on the surface. Brother Ignatius raises his treble, and the Archdeacon of Brent sounds his trumpet, and both play their parts in the new miracle-play. But for Count Bismarck and the Fenians, we might just as well be a set of Marionnettes. It is true that a private scandal may throw a light over the scene, and Mr. Labouchere has had to suffer for figuring in a fracas at Hombourg, when the general news was decidedly slack. Public characters should respect Mrs. Grundy in the long vacation, for her voice then makes itself heard.

There have been one or two literary births since the beginning of the holiday, and the infant notes are feebly chirping after the maternal attentions which the influx of natives may afford. It may be an advantage to test the youthful strength in the still waters of September, before the great struggle which must ensue as the tide comes in. Another child, also, is announced, but it will fight behind the shield of Ajax. The protégé of Mr. Trollope has already opened the campaign, and in some respects the season is not ill chosen. The traveller, who has been out of the range of a lending-library, rushes all agog to the bookstalls of his country, and he thinks little of the shilling which will bring him face to face with one of our most successful novelists. A magazine so generalised must, he thinks, be amusing, and at all events, he is not likely to be critical. Even in the best Swiss hotels the libraries have a tendency towards odd volumes; and what can be worse than to lose your third volume, except having a box of vesuvians without a cigar. One class of men must rejoice at the end of pleasure-time—the editors. They have had for the last two months to make bricks without straw; but their task is nearly over. The lack of material is bad enough, but the want of hands is worse. Their walking-gentlemen have had to be put into the leading parts, and the play has suffered accordingly. August presents to them all the disagreeable phenomena of a strike, and of a strike which begins at the time when their contract to the public is most difficult to carry out. Our facetious contemporary, the *Owl*, has appreciated the hardship of the situation in closing its columns as its contributors vanish in the direction of Baden. But when the butterfly flies away, the bees remain faithful to their honey-making, and even if the flowers grow less luxuriously and lose their sweetness, they still persist, in obedience to the instinct which bids them work.

#### DOGS.

THE 1st of November, 1867, is likely to become a date marked by a black cross in canine history. On and after that fatal day there will be adopted a new system of dealing with the misdemeanours of metropolitan doggery. That every dog has its day we have long been made aware by the voice of proverbial philosophy, but the November days which will fall to the share of many a four-footed casual, now unsuspectingly prowling about our thoroughfares, are likely to prove brief and disastrous. By the new regulations which are then to come into force, canine vagrancy is to be treated as an offence deserving capital punishment; and all dogs who cannot give a proper account of themselves, and who are destitute of visible means of support, are to be put to death as soon as they have been convicted. Notorious ill-livers, also—dogs in whose imperfectly regulated minds passion is apt to overpower judgment, or who systematically set at nought the dictates of that

moral code by which the canine, no less than the human race, ought to be governed—will be liable to swift execution at the command of a justly indignant magistrate. If a dog, moreover, exhibits any of the symptoms of incipient insanity, justice will be warranted in visiting him with instant extermination. Hydrophobia has long been a dog's privilege; it will soon be looked upon by the eye of the law as a crime. Whether the severity of the remedy will have any effect in checking the propensity towards the disease, is one of those questions which the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment might do well to discuss. The morbid desire formerly displayed by tragic heroines on the stage to "let down their back hair and go mad" has almost disappeared from the list of dramatic cravings. There may come a time when a similar change shall have been wrought in canine breasts. The last of the blows struck by the new Act at the liberties of our four-footed companions is one which may at any instant reduce them to the degraded level of their fellow-creatures in despotic lands. They will be liable to be muzzled by the police at a moment's notice, just for all the world as if they were a foreign press, and the same official hands may force them to undergo the restraint of collars, which in olden times used to be merely the sign of a master's caprice. If only they were in any degree prescient of the coming evil, how many of the tenants of our kennels would be sad dogs indeed! As it is they play on, as unconscious of their doom as the little victims of the elegy. Till the clock strikes twelve on the last night of October, the waifs and strays of canine life may continue, without fear of the law, to seek a precarious livelihood from those stony-hearted mothers, the streets of London. Till then they need not fear the police-station, nor shudder at the tramp of the passing constable. They will probably pursue the even tenour of their way up to the last moment, lapped in as fond and vain a security as that in which the doomed city of Pompeii reposed when the giant forces were already at work which so soon were to break upon it in clouds of stifling ashes and in rivers of devouring lava, or that in which indulged the Huguenots of Paris an hour before the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois tolled the dolorous overture to the tragedy of St. Bartholomew.

Legislation having thus turned its attention to canine delinquency, it is to be hoped that some wise decree upon the subject may ere long be evolved from the wisdom of Parliament. As the oracles have spoken in reference to the sins of dogs, we may trust that they will not long be dumb on the question of the responsibility of the dogs' masters. As the law now stands, it is very difficult for the victim of a dog's anger or folly to obtain a meet redress from its owner. A vigorous correspondence has lately been carried on in the newspapers relative to Sir Colman O'Loughlen's Dog Bill, and the various attempts which have been made to render the master of a dog liable for its actions. At present, it appears, the master cannot be touched by the law, whatever may be the crimes of which his dog has been guilty, unless it can be proved that he was aware of its criminal habits and propensities. And, of course, he never will allow that the faintest suspicion had crossed his mind for a moment that his dog could be guilty of anything in the slightest degree offensive. The consciences of some specimens of this class must be of a wondrously tough and elastic material. Such a man—sometimes, we are sorry to say, it is such a woman—will be possessed of a savage monster which keeps a whole neighbourhood in awe, which renders horrible the yard in which it keeps watch, which delights to rush out with fearful howling upon the innocent and unwary passenger, which frightens timid old people half out of their senses, makes the lives of postmen and carriers a burden to them, and lacerates with cruel jaws the yielding flesh of little children. All this may be a matter of common repute, and yet the owner of this terrific monster, when at last he has been unearthed and dragged into court, will have the audacity to declare that he had always looked upon his dog as a canine lamb—a creature of the gentlest nature, a pet of the mildest description. And as it is generally very difficult to prove that he is guilty of a deliberate falsehood, he usually quits the court with his dog at his heels, and "without the slightest stain upon his character." It is surprising that in such cases the neighbourhood, or at least its bitten part, does not take the law into its own hands, and boldly rid itself of its enemy. Something in the style of the hunt of the Calydonian boar might be got up for the occasion, and the effect on the proprietor of the nuisance would probably be extremely salutary. The brutal selfishness of some of these dog-keepers is almost inconceivable. Some time ago a gentleman mentioned in a letter to the *Times* that his wife, who was lying dangerously ill, could not sleep at night on account of



the constant barking of some neighbouring dogs. Their owner was appealed to on the subject, but he utterly refused to do anything to quiet them. Such an instance of brutality seems almost incredible, but we have often known people who prided themselves on their morality guilty of a mitigated degree of the same crime. That is to say, they would keep a wretched cur barking all night in their stable-yard or garden, although they must have known that it was likely to prevent some one next door from sleeping, and in spite of that knowledge they would perhaps kneel down before going to bed and pray that they might do their duty to their neighbour.

If the Act had contained a clause for the suppression of dog-fanciers, it would have conferred a great favour on all proprietors of dogs, and have helped to clear the streets of London of a remarkably ill-favoured and unmeritorious class. As a general rule, the term "dog-fancier" is only a euphemism for "dog-stealer," and the home of too many an individual of this class is a nest of moral as well as physical miasma. It has been remarked that an immoderate familiarity with horses always lowers a man's moral tone. A professional acquaintance with dogs seems to be apt to produce a similar effect, and it is worth remarking how often it is attended by a fracture of the nose and a propensity to small-pox. The forehead also in such cases appears to be subject to some depressing influence, and it is but seldom that the brain shows such signs of activity as distinguished that of the original genius who first hit upon the idea of selling disguised rats as dogs. It is well known that the metamorphosis is admirably contrived, and is seldom detected until the valued pet loses its head at the sight of a cat, and tries to escape by scrambling up the window curtains. Ladies who object to rats should beware of very small dogs when offered for sale by suspicious strangers. Gin and starvation will do something towards dwarfing a puppy, but he is apt to grow bloated as soon as he passes into gentle hands. Our dogs cannot dwindle down to the tininess of some of their foreign brethren, such, for instance, as the lap-dogs of Mexico, two specimens of which a suitor for imperial smiles took as a present to the ill-starred Empress Charlotte—a present, however, which he was unable to offer, for, being overpowered by fatigue, he thoughtlessly sat down in the ante-chamber, forgetful that he had a dog in each coat-tail pocket, and so utterly crushed them and his hopes of advancement. But after all it is, perhaps, just as well that liliputian lap-dogs are not common among us. Very little dogs are usually possessed of an exceedingly limited range of thoughts and feelings, and in many cases are not even far removed from imbecility. And it is notorious that pets have an assimilating influence upon their petters. Otherwise it would be difficult to account for the talkativeness of old ladies who keep parrots, the snappishness of the mistresses of pugs, and the dignified melancholy of the masters of Irish deerhounds. The society of very small dogs is almost always of a deteriorating character, and that of large ones exactly the reverse. The dog of history and of romance has always been large limbed, from the days of him who died of joy when Ulysses returned to Ithaca, or of his compatriot who swam after the galley of his fugitive master from the Piræus to Ægina, to those of the noble hound which, when the letter giving an account of how his master had been killed at Inkerman, was brought into the room where he lay revelling in all the comforts of an English home, leaped up from the rug, and catching sight of the black seal of the as yet unopened missive of evil tidings, howled and expired. The sorrows of these larger dogs seem to touch us more closely, their existence appears to be better worth preserving than that of the lower race of curs. It is sad to think of one of these great creatures, with instincts and appetites almost rivalling our own, wandering wearily about in search of board and lodging. Indeed, it is a melancholy spectacle to behold any dog, whatever may be his proportions, prowling about the streets as an outcast. There is something very touching about the apologetic way in which he modestly snuffles from door to door, or slinks after any belated wayfarer who seems likely to bestow a hospitable thought upon him. It is not pleasant to have to shut one's door upon him, and catch the heartbroken look of despair with which he turns away. To those who find that process a painful one, a visit may be recommended to the Hospital for Dogs in Hollingsworth-street. There they will find a house of refuge provided for dogs who have known better days, but have been turned out at last to die in the streets, and also for those who have lost themselves in the mighty maze of London, or who have been thrown on the world by some sudden caprice of fortune. There some three-score of the waifs and strays of canine life are kindly cared for, until they are claimed by their former masters, or pass into the hands of new owners. Those whose existence has become

a burden to them are tenderly put to death after a time, but until the destined moment arrives they are treated with all respect and kindness. It is an institution which prevents a great amount of suffering, and gives an opportunity to no little kindly feeling to take a practical shape. Its little expenses need not interfere with the contributions to the metropolitan charities for human beings, the united income of which make up a sum of about two millions and a half, but the good it does may fairly be ranked as equal to that which results from the efforts of at least some societies represented by secretaries with comfortable salaries.

#### HONEYMOONS ABROAD.

THERE are certain phases in every man's life in which he is predestinated to ridicule, and the address which he shows in mastering these difficulties, affords a fair criterion of his probable success in after years. The sudden transition from frocks to trousers is a trial to youth; the exchange of maternal kindness for the unsympathizing air of school is another; and the sense of being a nonentity which strikes a chill to the heart of the budding undergraduate is a worthy third. And so it continues up to the last stage in which a grown man feels that he must be absurd. This last state is worse than the first. When he has realized that he was not born to live alone, and acting on that belief has imparted his views on the subject to some fair creature, however sensible he may be, however self-possessed, the world seems to be in a conspiracy against him, and he is obliged to look foolish. It lurks in the atmosphere. The parents live over again their own love passages; the brothers and sisters regard the whole proceeding as a farce in which the lover takes the principal part; the friends of the family deal in "quips and becks and wreathed smiles;" the servants look knowing, and the persons chiefly interested must look conscious. When the time of release comes, and the gorgeous preliminaries to the married state are over, the happy pair might fancy that the time of probation was past. But there is still the honeymoon. Though the sharpest part of the ordeal is left behind, as the last sentence of those cruelly artificial speeches is heard; yet there is the first month or six weeks to be got through, if possible without *ennui*, and if that cannot be, anyhow. No doubt it sounds odd that two persons who have made up their minds to jog through life together should find this difficulty at the outset. But, notwithstanding, it is difficult. For total idleness is a necessary element of the wedding tour. The barrister has to leave his briefs, the reviewer drops his articles, the clerk shakes off the dust of his office, and the pair must make the best of it with their hands before them. With the fairer half this sacrifice is a smaller one. If Mudie does not transmit his wares across the Channel, the genial Tauchnitz takes his place; if the sewing-machine is not portable, she can solace herself with tatting; if croquet does not obtain in Switzerland, at all events she has won her last game. But the poor man is reduced to philandering. His wonted occupations are gone, his bachelor tastes are proscribed, and, *ex officio*, he is bound to amuse. Perhaps he has carried off his bride from the middle of a family circle, from the engrossing attractions of visiting and night schools; or a poor man, he has deprived her of home comforts, of chariots and of horses, and he has to make it all up to her. That is little when he has given her a home, and settled her in fresh scenes amongst new pleasures. But for this dreary month the responsibility weighs heavy upon him and the struggle is severe.

Accordingly, the place of retirement becomes an important one. A limited purse is always a nuisance, but in this predicament it is a sore temptation. Perhaps a liberal friend has offered to lend his house, and an ill-timed economy induces an acceptance of the loan. It is a very quiet place, where the young couple may wander about as unmolested as if they were in the Garden of Eden. As for there being nothing particular to do, what does that signify. They must be happy in each other's company, free from distracting influences, only longing to be left to themselves. With fine weather this lasts for a week; but with the sunshine goes contentment. There comes the first yawn, and that forms an epoch in their life. Edwin begins to ruminate over his forthcoming article; Angelina remembers how cheery they were at home in the worst of seasons: or Edwin yearns for his office, which, after all, is not so dingy; and she begins to fancy that matrimony is a shade dull. A wise man does not expose himself to these mischances. A wet day in Switzerland has comparatively few horrors. Letters must be written home, new faces are continually being seen, the table d'hôte is a spectacle in itself, and idleness becomes a pleasure after uneasy rocking on a mule's back. Instead of



staring at a damp meadow, the traveller may watch the mists floating and curling on Pilatus, or he may catch at a happy moment some mountain-top loaming through the parted clouds. At the hotel door he may examine, by way of diversion, the groups of guides and porters, looking as discontented and forlorn as men on a strike. Are you obliged to push on, though there is discomfort in doing so, it is better than counting rain-drops on the window of an English parsonage. The weariness which ensues is bodily, and the mind enjoys full play. Besides the novelty of the thing, to persons of a sensitive temperament there is another advantage in foreign travel. The outside world does not watch them in the same way. In England spectators keep their eyes as fixed on a bride and bridegroom as a waiter keeps his eyes on the coats. Abroad, people are too busy. Not but that every young couple think they will pass undetected, till they come to the first station, and then the mystery is out. The instinct of lookers-on is unerring. The appearance of having come fresh out of a band-box is, indeed, generally unmistakable. But when this sign is wanting, others crop up without fail. We fear the air of devotion is one, seeing its rarity later on in the day. Then the gentleman does not seem to know the lady's tastes. He may offer her marmalade, or suggest ham, when it is clear to observers that she dislikes both. In short, however cunning the pair may be, if there is anything certain in the world, it is that they will be found out. And if this is an objection, let them take refuge in the incurious publicity of a foreign hotel. Again, to satisfy a woman's curiosity is a very pretty beginning to married life. A girl who has passed her days in a village considers the other side of the Channel as the land of Utopia. She may not be gratified when she gets there, but at least she realizes that her husband has been the means of teaching her better, and she thanks him that she is able to return and warn her untravelled neighbours. In many instances her anticipations are realized, and she is grateful to him for the embodiment of her early dreams.

Against all these fascinations it is only fair to pit the drawbacks. They begin early. If there is one thing in the world past gainsaying, it is the uncomeliness of the attacks which are apt to assail voyagers between Dover and Calais. Other phases of illness may have their interesting side: headaches affect the finest organizations; nerves are the prerogative of the weaker sex; hysteria is a misfortune. But sea-sickness is simply ludicrous. And what is worse, it is fearfully unbecoming. Woe to the man who has married for beauty, and who sees his bride coming up the cabin steps a washed-out green colour! otherwise the illusion might have lasted for a fortnight; and as it is, he sees his mistake within the first forty-eight hours. Nearing Paris, the complexion may be patched up; but the hair of his beloved is still awry, and the neatness which he cherished seems to require as much restoration as an old church. Then in the gay city there are awkward facts to be got over. The manners of the natives are different from our own, and a fastidious taste may well hesitate to expose an innocent mind to these foreign eccentricities. Still the worst is not reached yet. Though Paris is not London, it is on the whole as civilized as ourselves, if not more so; and it is cosmopolitan enough to furnish each nation with its particular wants, even when they do not accord with Parisian tastes. But further a-field the case is different. Switzerland, with all its charms, is only comfortable for bachelors, and they have to give up many of the so-called necessities of life. Except in the towns, the morning bath is a subject of daily regret, and the lakes, which offer such natural facilities as a substitute, are useless to ladies, because there are no bathing-machines. As for dressing-rooms, they are as common as balloons, and you must think yourself lucky to get a bedroom which has a plank between yourself and your neighbours. This no doubt is rather a rude severance from what we conceive to be the ordinary decencies of life; yet such difficulties as these are a mere specimen of the hardships which must be encountered by a newly-married couple under the shadow of the Alps. If people are squeamish by all means let them stay at home under the shade of their own vine and their own fig-tree. The subject is certainly worth weighing from this point of view. But to an adventurous mind such obstacles merely whet the appetite, and give a heartier zest to the snugness and luxury of an English home. And it should always be borne in mind that it is a healthy thing for man and wife to look back on their wedding tour as the scene of a few struggles and of much enjoyment, where they have looked together on nature's fairest gifts in the heyday of their early loves. Such an opportunity does not deserve to be lost, for it may not occur again. When we have given hostages to fortune, we cease to be our own masters; or, if that is not the case, we leave behind us the freshness of

feeling, "the rapture of the strife," which wins our victories when we ought to be beaten.

One consideration we have omitted, and that is the wife's concern. If the husband is a member of the Alpine Club, she will do well to pause before she consents to a Swiss tour. Whatever may be said about the folly of this enterprising band, and we are not prepared to go any great lengths in this direction, it is none the less certain that the anxiety to get to the top of a mountain becomes a passion, which is only heightened by its apparent inaccessibility. Such an enthusiast disregards the ordinary obligations of life, and risks his own neck and his companion's peace of mind in some arduous ascent, leaving her to weave a dark tissue of horrors during his wanton absence. The cruelty of such a course is apparent, and, notwithstanding, it is not uncommon. Under the circumstances, we can only advise our countrywomen to abjure the Alpine Club, or, melancholy alternative! to hamstring their husbands.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

AUSTRIA is progressing with her liberal reforms at a pace which almost makes one dread some violent reaction on the part of the Absolutists and Ultramontanists. The Constitution is being revised in a sense very favourable to personal liberty and popular rights; and, during the recess, a committee of the Reichsrath has drawn up a project for the emancipation of the schools from the Church, another for establishing civil marriage, and a third for defining the position of the different religious persuasions towards each other. The direction of the schools is to be confided to the Minister of Public Worship and Education, and the influence of the clergy is entirely limited to the religious education of the Roman Catholic youth. The marriage law substitutes civil marriage, according to the Code Napoleon, for the religious ceremony; no religious difference is to prevent or invalidate marriage, and all that is to be required is a publication of the banns before the magistrate of the commune of one of the two parties, and a subsequent declaration before the magistrate, the clerks, and two witnesses. These forms will constitute a perfectly legal union, to which it will not be necessary to superadd any religious ceremony whatever. Of course, those who desire a religious ceremony will be at perfect liberty to have one after the civil contract has been effected; but this is entirely optional. Moreover, divorce is to be legalized in cases of adultery on either side; in case of the condemnation of either party, for crime, to five years' imprisonment; in case of desertion; in case of an attempt on life or health; in case of cruelty; and in case of incompatibility of temper, provided the other side consents. Should these measures be carried, they will constitute a marked advance in the direction of secular liberty and emancipation from priestly rule; but the Church party, as might be supposed, is doing its utmost to defeat the bills. It is by no means certain, however, that it will succeed; for in Austria, as in all countries where the Papacy has been dominant, there is a vast amount of actual antagonism to the Church, which may be expected to assert itself with determination. As much in the interests of religion as of liberty, we may hope that it will. When religion is no longer identified with the hardest and dullest forms of repression and tyranny, the natural tendency of the human heart to some form of faith will have a better chance of reviving.

BARON VON BEUST has been making a speech before his constituents at Reichenberg, in which he gave a sort of sketch of the policy he designs to pursue with reference to the position of Austria towards Germany. He protested against the accusation that has been brought against him of being the real author of last year's war; but he admits that one of his great objects is to retain the German element in Austria. "I wish," he said, "to maintain in honour that German element which is inseparable from the dynasty, from the history, and from the future of Austria." The Baron called this element "an important agent of civilization;" and doubtless it is so, yet it may be that, like dirt, according to Lord Palmerston's definition, it is at present "in a wrong place." Is "the German element" in Austria likely to do more service to civilization when combined with a number of alien elements, which threaten every day to overwhelm it, than when incorporated with the great mass of Germanism, now taking form under the shaping power of Prussia? The Austrian Premier denounced "those who, while they cry out against the dangers threatening their nationality, their old traditions, and their old faith, appeal to a foreign country, to a modern idea, and to a new doctrine"—alluding to the



members of the Czech party who recently shouted for Panslavism in Russia; but it is to the Czechs, the Hungarians, and the other non-German populations, that Austria must look in the future for the influence she once exercised on Europe through Germany, but which Germany will tolerate in her hands no longer. The South-east of Europe awaits development; and, if Austria is wise, she will make it her highest ambition to carry out that development in accordance with the principles of liberty and of popular power.

THE Russian Government has been much irritated by a report, published in the *New Free Press* of Vienna, of a conversation said to have taken place between the Czar and Fuad Pasha, on the occasion of the visit of the latter to Livadia, as the bearer of the Sultan's expressions of friendship and esteem for the Russian monarch. According to that report, the Czar recommended that Turkey should cede Crete to Greece, and should come to some arrangement with Serbia and Bulgaria. Furthermore, "Fuad Pasha, on his return to Constantinople, received from the Russian Ambassador at the Porte the project of a Russo-Turkish alliance having for basis the political and administrative independence of the island of Crete, the neutrality of the Porte in the eventuality of any complications which might arise, and the direct settlement of the above-mentioned questions between Turkey and Russia to the exclusion of all other Powers." The *Journal de St. Petersburg* denies the truth of this report, which it attributes to Austrian "malevolence;" and it adds:—"There has never been any question whatever of this Government coming to an understanding with the Porte to the exclusion of the other Powers. Russia was the first to invite the European Powers to come to a joint understanding relative to affairs in the East, that being the only pledge of a peaceful and equitable solution. This understanding Russia has succeeded in realizing, in a certain measure, and she will persevere for the future in the same path." No doubt, the conversation as given by the Vienna paper looks extremely improbable; but there is always something rather suspicious when Russia interests herself in Turkey in any way.

M. SAINT-MARC GIRARDIN, the academician, has written an article in the *Débats*, to deny that the French people are eager to fly at the throat of Prussia, and that it is only the coolness of the Emperor which holds them back. He admits that the Emperor is really desirous of peace, but he contends that the masses of the nation are equally so. We trust he may be right, though some of the appearances are against him. He asks what France would gain by a war to undo the work of Sadowa. Doubtless she would gain nothing worth having, and might lose a great deal well worth keeping; but that is not the point. When a nation is besotted on a question of so-called "honour," it does not count the cost, and is indifferent to all questions of risk. Let us hope, however, that France has really learned something from the bitter experience of the past.

WHEN are we to hear the last of that unfortunate and discreditable Mexican business? Not for some time yet, it would appear. M. de Keratry, son of the late deputy of the same name, has been publishing in the *Revue Contemporaine* a series of papers on the events of the last few years in that portion of the New World, which have attracted a good deal of attention, and are likely to excite a great many recriminations. Among other things, M. de Keratry states that the interview between the Empress Charlotte and the Emperor Napoleon at St. Cloud, just before the access of madness in the former, was "long and violent on both sides," and that the Empress "gave way at last to all her passion." The *Moniteur* has denied this statement; but M. de Keratry persists in it, though, it must be added, he brings forward no actual proof, simply contenting himself with the assertion that it *must* have been so, under all the circumstances. Others of the papers represent Maximilian as having acted with great vacillation, weakness of will, irritability of temper, and even treachery towards his French allies, as well as towards the different parties into which the nation was divided. But the worst document in the series consists of a letter written to Maximilian by his private secretary and confidant, M. Eloi, informing him that there was great discontent in Austria, that the people demanded the abdication of the Emperor Francis Joseph, that great sympathy with Maximilian was evinced throughout the empire, and that Venetia was "ready to proclaim its ancient governor." It does not appear that Maximilian took any notice of this suggestion to conspire against his brother's throne; but it is impossible not to suspect that M. Eloi would not have dared to shadow forth such a

project without some ground for supposing that it would at any rate be received with placidity.

ADMIRAL TEGETHOFF has been unable to obtain the body of Maximilian, with which view he was despatched to Mexico. The Juarez Government refuses to give up the mortal remains of the unhappy Archduke "before the settlement of pending questions, and particularly the recognition of the Mexican Republic by the European Powers." This working upon the feelings of a brother in order to attain a political end is very discreditable, but of a piece with all the other actions of the so-called Mexican "patriots."

IN Sir Frederick Bruce, whose death at Boston, from diphtheria, has excited very general regret, we have lost a public servant of considerable experience and of high character. He is the last of three brothers who have died in the discharge of official duties, at times of life when a long career might still have been anticipated for them. Lord Elgin expired when Viceroy of India; General Bruce while in attendance on the Prince of Wales. Now, at the age of fifty-three, Sir Frederick Bruce, for some two years our Minister at Washington, succumbs to a malady which too often attacks its victims with success. The deceased Minister was unpleasantly conspicuous, eight years ago, in the Peiho disaster in China, where he was acting as our representative, and there were some good grounds for blaming his conduct on that occasion; but his management of affairs in America, ever since his appointment at Washington, has been marked with great discretion and judgment. He had a difficult task to perform, owing to the complications arising out of the civil war; but he discharged it to the satisfaction alike of Englishmen and Americans, and his loss will be felt on both sides of the Atlantic.

LORD DUFFERIN, in his speech at the opening of the Social Science Congress at Belfast, took a liberal and statesmanlike view of the present position of Ireland, and he is entitled to all the more credit for it when we consider the town in which the speech was made. The causes of the backward state of the sister country are not far to seek. She has no manufactures; her people are leaving as fast as they can, and those who remain are divided into hostile parties by an irreconcilable difference of religion. The circumstances under which Protestantism was presented to the Irish people by the emissaries of Elizabeth were so little calculated to convince their reason or win their affections that they clung all the closer to their own Church, so that the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland possess an influence over their co-religionists seldom wielded by any body of clergymen. "Not only," said Lord Dufferin, "are they the spiritual guides and fathers of their flocks—a position which their piety and devotion to their pastoral duties would, under any circumstances, have acquired for them—but they are in a considerable degree the political leaders of the people from time to time." On the other hand, the career of the Protestant section of the nation has been deeply affected by analogous influences, and it may almost be prophesied that the summer's sun will not have ripened the harvest without the sacrifice of one or more valuable lives in the hateful conflicts to which this hostility of the two creeds gives rise. There is only one cure for this, and that is the putting down of party processions. Again, with regard to the Irish Church, Lord Dufferin admits the necessity of a great change, either by equally endowing the three religious bodies in Ireland, or by disestablishing the Episcopal Church, and depriving her of so much of her revenues as it may appear the nation is competent to resume. Upon the subject of education, he complained that there was no connecting link between the National system and the Queen's Colleges. Nothing will supply that deficiency, in his opinion, but a scheme of intermediate education, placed on as efficient and complete a footing as the primary and collegiate systems already established. Lord Dufferin avows himself anxious to maintain in its integrity the present system of national non-sectarian education, both in the schools and colleges. Still, he holds that "it would be proper to place within reach of those whose scruples preclude them from frequenting the national institutions an opportunity of obtaining a University degree from some independent and more congenial source."

A MOST useful piece of legislation, to which during its progress through the House of Commons we called attention, comes into operation on the 1st of October. The Act will relieve the criminal law from a few of its most serious defects. Persons who have been



veraciously indicted, and are acquitted, will have the same remedy as regards the recovery of costs against the prosecutor as they now have in a civil action, if the court should certify that in its opinion the prosecution was unreasonable. Prisoners who desire to call witnesses, but whose poverty places it out of their power to secure their attendance, will, upon mentioning their wish to the magistrates who commit them, be enabled to have the witnesses brought forward, sworn, and bound over to attend at the trial. The evidence of persons dangerously ill, if taken in the presence of the accused, may be used at the trial upon its being proved that the parties are dead or unable to attend. One section meets that which is very frequently found to be a very hard case. It provides that money found upon a prisoner is to be given to the purchaser of property not known by him to be stolen, on the restitution of the property by the purchaser to the true owner.

THE preservation of the "privileges" of the City of London may require that elderly gentlemen whose qualifications do not seem to extend beyond their respectability as successful shopkeepers and their digestive capabilities should be permitted to play at the administration of the law; but surely aldermen ought to wean themselves from that pecuniary view of things which looks upon a fine as a sufficient punishment for any outrage. Mr. John Daly, whom the police reports, in a somewhat redundant manner, describe as "a powerful young man," has just learnt from Alderman Besley the quantity of amusement which 20s. will afford him. Mr. Daly, taking an afternoon stroll in the neighbourhood of his residence in Whitecross-street, saw a young man, who happened to be in liquor, reposing on a door-step. Outraged at the sight, Mr. Daly kicked the young man; but that pleasantry having produced no resistance, he lifted him quietly up, and then struck him on the head, and knocked him down again. The young man having then got up, Mr. Daly's humour took higher flights. He knocked him down on the back of his head, kicked him as he lay, and left him senseless. A passer-by, who indignantly observed that Mr. Daly was a coward, was also knocked down, and a man named Bousted, in attempting to protect the man who was down, received from Mr. Daly a severe blow in the mouth, and another in the eye. The Alderman described the series of exploits as an unprovoked assault, and inflicted a fine of 20s., or seven days' imprisonment with hard labour. At this tariff of charges, a vigorous savage to whom expense was no object might amuse himself by half murdering his fellow-creatures for at least several days for about £5.

The ease with which public offices deal with money that is not really theirs is rather singularly exemplified in the reports of the Committee of Public Accounts appointed by the House of Commons at the beginning of last session. It appeared from the evidence taken before the Committee that the money produced by unclaimed Post-office orders was used to form a fund for assisting officers in the department in the assurance of their lives. It may seem unkind to interfere with such a good-natured arrangement; but few will differ from the Committee in their representation that this money should be paid into the Exchequer, and that Parliament should provide for the payment of the orders if they ever happen to be presented. The mode in which our public accounts are kept painfully contrasts with that adopted by the French authorities. It appeared that a claim had been made upon the French Government for 400 tons of coals supplied to them at Shanghai, and, the claim being disputed, the only thing that could be produced in support of it was a receipt for the coals, with a signature so utterly illegible that it was impossible to say whether it was the signature of a French officer at all. The minuteness with which the French authorities keep a record of the charge and discharge of stores disclosed the fact that the coals had been actually supplied, but that they were repaid in kind.

If the railway directors who occasionally threaten an appeal to their "interest" in the Legislature to protect them against the ill-will of juries were to give a little of their attention to the conduct of the officials to whom they commit the control of their litigation, they might save themselves a great deal of trouble, and their shareholders some money. On Saturday last, a respectable elderly woman, who was so ill and weak that she was permitted to be seated during the inquiry, was charged, at one of the police-courts, with unlawfully leaving a carriage whilst the train was in motion. The defendant stated that the train had stopped at the station, and that as she was getting out it moved on, throwing her on her face upon the platform, and injuring her severely. The railway officials were

kind enough to have the unfortunate woman conducted to a doctor's shop, and possibly no more would have been heard of the matter had not the company received a letter from a solicitor, threatening an action for the injuries sustained in consequence of the accident. The reply to this letter was a summons, dragging the poor woman before a police magistrate for the crime of infringing the company's bye-laws. At the request of the railway company, the magistrate adjourned the case, but he very properly observed that he would not prejudice the action between the defendant and the company by giving any judgment on the summons. If the case should ultimately come before a jury, and a verdict for heavy damages be returned, we shall hear the old cry of the senseless prejudice of jurymen against railway companies, and the equally often repeated threat of an appeal to the "railway interest" in the House of Commons.

AN inquest was held on a child at Tottenham, at which some curious facts were elicited. Mrs. Jagger, in whose establishment the baby died, is a woman of such strong domestic instincts that she advertises for little children, and receives ladies under peculiar circumstances for a small sum of money. The rate of infant mortality in her house is rather high than otherwise, and the coroner remarked that in the way of his business he was brought into connection with Mrs. Jagger oftener than might be desirable. A scene occurred at the inquest relative to the mother of the poor little creature, whose body exhibited signs of starvation. She, it seems, is a lady who would commit suicide if her name was disclosed, and a faithful lawyer's clerk from Liverpool refused to disclose it. Then Mrs. Jagger displayed considerable emotion, becoming hysterical when her baby-farm was harshly spoken of. Good Mrs. Jagger, and the lady who would commit suicide if her name came out, are much to be pitied: the former, however, may be compensated by the increased amount of business which the advertising of the affair will probably place in her hands, and the latter may be consoled by the knowledge that her secret has been kept and that her child is dead. There are many other gentle nurses like Mrs. Jagger, with whom infants don't thrive, nor is the atmosphere of Tottenham singular in its effect on those unconscious charges. Mrs. Jagger has several advertising associates in Bayswater, and there is quite a colony of Mrs. Jaggers in the neighbourhood of Pimlico.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH's paper "On the Adaptation of the Old Universities to the Requirements of the Present Day" gave rise to an interesting discussion in the Educational department of the Social Science Congress. The Professor's ideas upon this subject are mainly that the number of students at the Universities bears a very small proportion to those that would be there if certain obsolete trammels of the Middle Ages were removed: namely, the denominational restrictions; the practical obligations of all students being members of a college; the fact that the fellowships are sinecures; the fact that the bulk of the revenues remain unavailable for university purposes; and the restriction of the headships, with one or two exceptions, to clergymen. "The Tudor statesmen, like the statesmen of the Middle Ages, regarded the Established Church as identified with the nation. They looked upon Nonconformity as at once criminal and transient. Whether they were right or not in the first supposition, they were wrong in the second; and we are now placed in the dilemma of either giving up the tests, or sacrificing the unity of national education."

THOSE arrangements by which rival railway companies using the same station often inconvenience one another and drive their passengers distracted, may require such displays of heroism in crossing lines as are hourly to be seen at stations like Shrewsbury; but surely it would be well to prevent railways being converted into promenades for nurserymaids and their charges. At Nottingham, on Saturday last, a woman who would cross the line, accompanied by a drunken husband, fell under the wheels of an advancing engine, and was cut to pieces; and, on the same afternoon, an accident of a much more melancholy character occurred on the Great Northern Railway, at Colney Hatch. It appears that about 500 yards below the station there is a level crossing for foot passengers, and here three little children were preparing to cross, when, seeing a Great Northern goods train coming, they waited at the side until it had passed. As soon as the train had gone, they joined hands to run over together, when a Midland passenger train came dashing along and cut all three to atoms, scattering their limbs in all directions. It has been stated



that this railway is entirely unprotected on both sides for nearly a mile, and that the favourite walk of nursemaids and children in this locality is "up the bank," so that following the order which seems to regulate railway accidents, we may look upon this one as merely the commencement of a series.

MR. J. BAILEY DENTON has written to the *Times*, calling attention to the amount of undrained land in this country, and to the opportunity which it offers for the rare and profitable employment of that money which capitalists have no longer the courage to invest in popular speculations. Mr. Denton states that, in the twenty-six years that have elapsed since the passing of the public and private moneys drainage acts, ten millions sterling have been employed in drainage, and with most satisfactory results; and he points out that many millions of acres in England still remain wet, and that some of the capital of the country which is now unproductive might be employed in their drainage, to gain 4 and 5 per cent. interest, with certainty and security. An employment of capital which could not fail to increase the crops of corn and meat-producing herbage, and benefit the general commerce of the country, is well-deserving of attentive consideration.

It is not often that the records of the police-court offer subjects for sensational novels. The facts with which authors of such works weave their wonderful productions have no dependence upon so unromantic a source. But last week a drama of somewhat peculiar structure, and set with happily extraordinary characters, was enacted at Mansfield, in which the detective officer played his part, and the features of which we recommend our used-up novelists to study. A young lady wandering from Derby to Mansfield in search of her lover, and having found him, proceeded to spend her money freely, amongst other things purchasing a wedding-dress and ring in order to get married. In the meanwhile, a detective, armed with a warrant and a photograph, pursued the couple, and succeeded in capturing them—Romeo, on a charge which speaks ill for his affection for Juliet, though too well for his affection for others; and the Juliet "for having absconded from her father's house with £30 in gold, besides a quantity of apparel." How unpoetical all this sounds! though it is a relief to learn that the interesting couple were "united at the police-station by a pair of 'bracelets' and conveyed to Derby." Whilst the officer was adjusting the handcuffs at the police-station, the fair damsel remarked, "Never mind, Jack, I hope we shall be fastened together before long." Such affection deserves a better epithalamium than that afforded by a police-magistrate's broad-sheet.

THE Lord Mayor of London, as almoner of the Sultan, has found the distribution of the £2,500 placed at his disposal no easy task. The applications to get the money were so numerous that it soon became impossible to investigate the merits of each case. Under these circumstances his lordship declared his determination to bestow the sum upon such of the charitable institutions in the metropolis as seemed most likely to be in a position to give practical effect to the intentions of the donor. The following list will show how carefully the selection has been made, and over what a wide area the gift has been spread. The fifteen poor boxes in the City and metropolitan police courts £50 each, making £750; the Jewish Board of Guardians, £100; the Convalescent Home (Mrs. Gladstone), £50; Newport Market Refuge, £50; St. Giles' Refuge (Girls), £50; St. Giles' Refuge (Boys), £50; St. Giles' Training Ship, £250; Field-lane Refuge, £150; Cripples' Home, Kensington, £50; Orthopaedic Hospital, £50; Philanthropic Society of London, £50; Victoria-park Consumption Hospital, £100; Truss Society, £50; City Dispensary, £50; Royal General Dispensary, £50; Royal South London Dispensary, £50; Metropolitan Dispensary, £50; Farringdon Dispensary, £50; City of London and East London Dispensary, £50; City Kitchen for the Poor, £50; Deaf and Dumb Visiting Association, £50; Society for the Employment of Needlewomen (charity fund), £50; Strangers' Friend Society, £100; Indigent Blind, £50; Guy's Maternity Society, £50; House of Refuge (Dudley Stuart), £50; and the Infirmary for Children, £50, making in all £2,500. The Lord Mayor may well be congratulated on the excellent manner in which he has discharged the trust reposed in him.

At a time when an active search is being made for Kelly and Deasy, it is rather startling to come across a newspaper paragraph headed, "Hanging a Fenian." It appears that a party of men

employed at Barnsley, hearing that one of their fellow-workmen had declared himself a Fenian, proceeded to empanel a jury among themselves, and put him on his trial. He was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. But the loyalty of the men of Barnsley did not content itself with asserting the penalty of the law for treason, and accordingly the sentence was to some extent carried out. A rope was placed round the young man's neck, and he was drawn up and suspended in mid-air for a short time; quite long enough, however, to leave the mark of the rope upon his neck, and to get black in the face. The executioners were fined by the magistrates ten shillings each. Putting the fools in jail would have been a much more considerate reward for their stupid practical joke.

It seems as if the Fenians were likely to give the Government more trouble in England than in Ireland. On Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, large numbers of them, some with firearms in their pockets, and apparently acting under direction, assembled at the Euston-square terminus, believing that Kelly and Deasy might reach London by the North-Western Railway, and determined to rescue them again if they were captured.

THE discussion which has now been carried on for some time in the columns of a daily paper with reference to the sad want of decent and cheap accommodation for dining in the city, and to which we drew attention last week, has at length assumed a practical form. A meeting of clerks and others interested in the subject is announced for Monday next the 30th inst. at six o'clock p.m., at the London Tavern, at which Mr. Alderman Cotton has consented to preside. This is a step in the right direction, and if properly managed, there is no reason why this should not be the initiative step towards the establishment of a self-supporting Clerks' Club and Dining-room Association (Limited)—limited to wholesome and cheap dinners, served by cheerful and active waiters. The results of the meeting have, however, been in a measure anticipated by the circulation of the Prospectus of the Clerks' Dining Company (Limited), with a proposed capital of £20,000, in 20,000 shares of £1 each. The paid-up capital is to be £5,000, or 5s. per share, and no shareholder is to hold more than four shares. The Company promise that a good dinner shall be supplied for one shilling.

WE learn that a number of influential gentlemen having formed themselves into a company, intend to apply to Parliament early next session for powers to enable them to purchase land in and around the Seven Dials, with a view to pull down the wretched hovels which, by their ill-drainage and ill-ventilation, endanger the health of that part of the metropolis, and to replace them with lodging-houses built on a new principle. Leicester-square is also to be the scene of an improvement. The mutilated effigy, which is now so conspicuous, is to be removed, and fountains erected on its site, while a light elegant railing is to fence a series of prettily-arranged flower-beds and grass-plots. We are very much afraid all this is too good to be true.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE EAST INDIA ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Though feeling very thankful to "An Anglo-Indian" for his friendly and several valuable suggestions to the Committee of the East India Association, I would not have troubled you with this letter, but for the necessity of replying to some remarks made on my paper on "England's Duties to India." I hope you will kindly insert this reply.

Your correspondent does not point out any mistakes in my figures, but objects to my having included interest. He gives no reasons for his objections, unless the following be his reasons, viz., my "want of practice," and his question, "If such be the debt of England to India, what must be the debt of the Mogul emperors, or of Alexander the Great?"

With regard to the Mogul emperors, he seems to forget that they were reigning in the country, and whatever they took or spent remained in the country. In their case, therefore, there was no transference of wealth to a foreign country.

The difference between the invasions by Alexander, Mahmood, and others, and the British possession is this. The former came to plunder and plundered, and the nation losing the property, could no more think of calculating their claim



upon them for a return in any shape whatsoever, moral or material, than they could expect a highway robber to return his booty. Britain has not gone to India to invade or to plunder. A series of extraordinary circumstances of mixed character, has made her supreme. She professes and undertakes, to her glory, the elevation and regeneration of the country. Now, some of her sons sometimes tell the natives of India that she does this without any benefit to herself. Is it unfair or wrong on the part of the native, while very thankful indeed for the boon of good government and enlightenment, to point out the fact that the benefit is not altogether on one side? If not, then, if "An Anglo-Indian" admits any benefit derived by England from India, common fairness requires that he should admit the whole. Granting that if interest were calculated on the plunder of the old invaders it would be something tremendous, why is that a reason that the interest on the wealth derived by England from India should not be considered as a part of England's benefit from India? Is it because the figure turns out "astounding" that therefore it is incorrect or should not be admitted?

But if he wish to place his nation on the same footing as the old invaders and plunderers of India, then there is no question that the native has no business to count or say anything about England's benefit from India, either interest or principal. I dare say he does not mean so.

The publication of any opinion in the Journal does not imply its sanction by the committee. In fact, the committee could not undertake the task of publishing only what it could sanction, as an expression of *all* views on Indian matter is necessary.

In conclusion, I sincerely trust that many other Anglo-Indians will take similar lively and friendly interest in the success of the Association, and I have no doubt that the committee will always be happy to give due attention to suggestions made to them. I remain, your obedient servant,

32, Great St. Helen's, Sept. 21. DADABHAI NAOROJI.

#### THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL ON RELIGIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I see by the list of religious denominations certified to the Registrar-General, that there are in England over a hundred and twenty forms of faith, some of which I confess are quite new to me, and I should be glad to know a little about them. What, for instance, are the Inghamites? Who are the Sandemanians? When did the Wesleyan Reform Glory Band first make itself known to the world? Has the sect of Peculiar People many followers? Are the Ranters successful in proselytising, and where are we to find their head-quarters? I should like to meet a Recreative Religionist, and there are many persons as ignorant as myself concerning the denomination which figures in this instructive catalogue as the Countess of Huntingdon's Connection. I never even heard of the Salem Society, and the Second Advent Brethren I am sorry to confess I never came across before. I hope there will be a copy in large type of the document to which I refer laid before the Pan-Anglican Synod. A few of the Peculiar People might be examined on their tenets. The Registrar has set down the whole lot in alphabetical order, and he uses the letters down to W before we arrive at the end of the reckoning. Mr. Carlyle is said to have once looked at the stars, and, after pausing a moment, remarked, "it is a sad sight." Did he refer to the distance and the loneliness of those heavenly bodies, or to our inability to touch the mystery of them? I think his phrase may be brought to bear on the variety of these associations, indicating, as they do, an uncertainty or fanaticism, and a blind groping in the dark for that dread curtain which is placed between us and the unknown. I don't read controversy, or study collateral subjects, but it is because of the multitude of distracting conventicles claiming preference over each other that I hold myself as I sign, Sir, your obedient servant,

Sept. 26.

A CHRISTIAN UNATTACHED.

[Our correspondent belongs to an order of persons who, unable to reconcile their minds to the restraints of a formal religion, shirk religion altogether, and then endeavour to believe as many others as possible in a worse condition than if they too were destitute of faith. We agree with the "Christian Unattached" that there is a sad aspect in a catalogue such as that which he describes, but, after all, it testifies in its own way to the irrepressible nature of the religious idea from which the "Christian Unattached" has evidently tried to detach himself. He cannot kill that feeling by the cynical scrutiny of fifty such catalogues, and the class to which he belongs is

more deserving of compassion than nine out of ten of the denominations which he ridicules. We publish his letter, however, as indicative of a way of looking at this list, which is more general throughout England than sincere Protestants would desire.—ED. L. R.]

#### POETRY.

ST. CADO.

"THERE is good wit in wine, if we but knew  
The depth whereto to seek it; then to pause  
And seize the treasure of empurpled pearls  
To grace our talk withal"—so spake the friar,  
Himself not loth to turn a flagon up—  
To flush a rosier red into his cheek,  
To give new lustre to black-beaded eyes,  
To give loose reins unto a merry tongue,  
What time the monks in summer converse sat  
Beneath the yellow vine-leaves on the south  
Of th' island, where they watched the Etel glide  
Around the weedy shallows, or beyond,  
Saw the far magpie dip white wings in fir.  
"The devil is God's servant, and shall be;  
Were't for no other purpose than to whisk  
A shadowy tail upon the dim world's edge,  
And keep rude-mannered minds in wholesome fear.  
Hast ever heard how good St. Cado gained  
Unwilling service from the Evil One,  
And made the Fiend's iconoclastic hands  
Build this fair structure for the Church's good?"  
Dropping his maxims, as a boy a worm  
Over the brook's brink to the great fat trout  
That hangs a shadow in the pool beneath,  
The friar paused, then smiled, and rubbed his hands,  
And gloated over a new listener.

"When God sent forth his messengers like stars  
To clear the darkness of the world, there came  
From the far south a wonder-working man—  
A holy man, who through the heathen went,  
Cured wounds and sores, and with persuasive tongue,  
Taught the wild people peaceful words and ways,  
Till the far-flashing radiance of his face  
Crumbled their stony idols into dust.  
So good St. Cado travelled, working signs  
(The Apostolic keys of the ancient Church),  
And northward journeyed until he came  
Unto this island; there he paused awhile,  
Enamoured of its solitude and peace.  
'Herein would I remain; for of my sins  
The shadow groweth larger as I near  
The blinding light of heaven,' he said, and vowed  
To spend his years in secret prayer, that so  
As in the night the silent rains steal down  
To wash the beauty of the slumbering earth,  
And robe her in moist draperies of green  
To meet the splendour of the bridegroom morn,  
His soul might rise triumphant from the dark  
And with white wings approach the throne of God.

But when he built a monastery here,  
With gardens sloping to the Etel's side—  
With vine-grown walls that round the island ran,  
Repelling contact with the heathen world,  
The winds of Heaven blew his fame abroad  
Through all the land, and hundreds came to seek  
The good old saint who dwelt remote from men.  
Wherefore he, laying his own wish aside,  
Received them, taught them, then would let them go  
Like lesser lamps to spread the light of truth.  
So, moved to pious travel, pilgrims flocked  
From far and near to hear the man of God,  
And o'er the sullen sea of Pagan night  
The monastery like a beacon shone.

There was no bridge across the river then.  
Vexed was the saint, when the good people came,  
To see them struggle with the wilful tide  
That bore against their fragile raft of planks;  
And casting round imploring eyes for help  
He saw but one alternative—to raise  
The Devil!—for we know the skill and ease  
Wherewith the solid earth's material



Is plied by supernatural hands.  
He called him; and forthwith the Devil came.

You smile? I tell the legend as 'tis told.  
The faith that doubts not is not faith at all,  
But stupor of the brain; though in these times  
When we are prone to pluck the flower of truth  
Minus its golden gloss of metaphor,  
The truth we handle is not more the truth.

The Devil came: St. Cado bade him build  
A bridge across the Etel, strong and sure.  
'On this condition only,' said the Fiend,  
'That, when the bridge is finished, and the road  
Free to all pilgrims who may hither wend,  
The first of living things that by its means  
Crosses the river shall belong to me.  
'Tis only fair. The multitude of souls  
Who facile ingress now may find to heaven  
Can spare me of their number surely one,  
Were 't only to appease the sharp reproof  
My conscience gives me for the pious deed.'  
So spake he, thinking by a cunning wile  
He should entrap the holy man of God.  
But good St. Cado answered without fear—  
'The first of living things that by the bridge  
Crosses the stream shall appertain to thee:  
This covenant do I make with thee to hold.'

So in the night-time, which is Satan's day,  
Invisible hands piled up the polished stone  
Rough-hewn within the bowels of the earth;  
And lo! at early morn across the brook,  
Stretched a fair structure, roundly-shaped and sure,  
Its white arch mirrored in the blue beneath.  
And God's sun fell upon the gleaming curve,  
And touched it with a radiance like a smile,  
To consecrate to man the demon's work,  
That through the twinkling green of hanging leaves  
Glimmered a tremulous glory from afar.

The golden dawn awoke the woods to life,  
And stirred a music in the murmuring trees,  
When good St. Cado left his hermitage,  
And wandered downward to the river's brink.  
Greatly he marvelled at the wondrous work,  
And half-repent him of judgment passed  
Upon the Evil One, who might, he thought,  
Be not so evil were allowance made  
For habits of long standing; who, perchance,  
With due encouragement and courtesy,  
Might henceforth be enlisted for the Church,  
And do good labour with his giant strength.  
But lest his charity might work him harm,  
The man of God, with wisdom born of truth,  
And authorized by holy precedent,  
Strengthened himself against prospective wrong,  
And measures took to circumvent the Fiend.

And as he stood and gazed upon the stream,  
Whose azure ripples shot beneath the bridge,  
And widened outward into reedy pools,  
Half blue, half green, with flakes of milky clouds;  
And on the willows that had downward hung  
Their long thin tresses to the careless brook  
That caught the pendent tassels, dragged them on,  
Then flung them free again in saucy sport,  
Satan himself came walking to the bridge,  
And said, 'Good morrow,' like a gentleman.  
He sat him down upon the parapet,  
Though still remaining on the further side,  
And with polite discourse would freely tell  
The dangers, obstacles, his imps had met,—  
Their labour, and their ultimate success.  
Nor would he rest until the saint had viewed  
With near inspection all the masonry,  
Had judged its durability and strength,  
Its fair proportions, and good workmanship.  
In truth himself did somewhat seem amazed,  
And peered about the stone-work as to seek  
The hidden marvel of its wondrous birth.  
Yet all the while a watchful eye he kept  
Upon the saint who gravely stood to hear.

Whereat the Fiend, grown urgent, asked him why  
He did not come to scrutinize the work.  
'There were conditions,' said the holy man,

'Compacted by us yesternight.' 'A jest,  
A thoughtless jest,' replied the Evil One.  
'In truth a merry jest,' then cried the saint,  
'That merits from me due continuance—  
Lest honest sport or mirth should seem debarred  
By rigid scruples of our Mother Church!  
So here I do fulfil the covenant made;  
And first of living things which by this bridge  
Crosses the stream I yield and give to thee!  
Unfolding then his ample cloak he drew  
From darkness to the day a wild-eyed cat,  
And with good aim he threw the animal,  
Which, falling midway on the bridge, ran straight  
Towards the Fiend.

A fearful yell of rage  
Broke from the bosom of the Evil One;  
And with this token of a baffled hope  
Still ringing through the trees, he straightway sprang  
Into the running waters of the stream  
That hissed around him as his body clave  
Its hell-ward way; nor ever more was seen  
A trace of him whose labour still endures—  
A proof that out of evil cometh good:  
And old St. Cado lived and died in peace,  
With one more glory added to his fame.

So ends the tale: you may believe or not.  
The holy men who dwelt in olden time,  
Looking adown a labyrinth of years,  
Draped their good teachings in such palpable form  
As best should stand the wear of centuries.  
But you, whose Northern health of bone and blood  
Shakes off the morbid questionings of creed—  
You English, with your scorn and cold grey eyes,  
Watchful, distrustful, clear and sharp as steel,  
Repulse these graceful legends of our faith.  
'Tis well: to argue falsehood false is well:  
But there are eyes like telescopes which see  
Only those objects which are far from home."

## FINE ARTS.

### MUSIC.

THOSE excellent entertainments, the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, were resumed last week for the winter series. The programme commenced with Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor (the "Scotch" symphony), and terminated with Weber's "Freyschütz" overture—both played with that power and brilliancy, delicacy and refinement, which the orchestra of this establishment has attained to a degree not yet realised by any other English concert-band. The habit of constantly playing together in performance and rehearsal, and the scrupulous and minute care exercised by the conductor, Mr. Manns, give an effect of unity and individuality, of definite intention and complete realization, to the readings of the great symphonies and overtures, as rendered at these concerts, that is as satisfactory as it is unique in this country. Never have we been more struck by this special excellence than on Saturday last, and particularly in that romantic orchestral picture in which Mendelssohn has reflected the vivid impression made on his poetical imagination by his tour in Scotland in 1829. Among the many instances that might be adduced of Mendelssohn's possession of a high degree of dramatic power (not always a concomitant of imaginative genius), his two great symphonies, the "Scotch" and the "Italian," are eminent examples—the gloomy grandeur and sombre romanticism of the one being as admirable, and as poetically and dramatically true, as are the sunny warmth and soft, genial beauty of the other. Never has the Scotch symphony been more finely played than on the occasion referred to—all the delicate gradations of tone, from the extreme *forte* to the smallest *pianissimo*, having been observed with that perfect fusion of intention so rarely attained by numbers; while the mere technical execution was admirable for facile accomplishment of great difficulties, especially in the wind instruments. A special feature of interest in Saturday's programme was the repetition of one of the pieces of incidental music composed by Schubert for the drama of "Rosamunde," together with another of those pieces given for the first time. Of this "Rosamunde" music, first given at the Crystal Palace last year, we spoke on that occasion. The beauty and amplitude of development of the "Entr'acte" in B minor (symphonic in its grandeur and extent), the grace and charm of the pieces of ballet music, and the tender pathos of the vocal "Romanze," were then noticed by us. The piece repeated on this occasion (an exquisitely graceful Allegro in G major) was given at the Crystal Palace concert of March 16. The movement first introduced on Saturday last is an "allegro molto moderato" in B minor, running into an "andante assai" in G major; the first portion based on the same theme as the "Entr'acte" already referred to, although less



amply and scarcely so happily developed; the concluding movement a lovely piece of tranquil melody, of pastoral character. It is pleasant to know that, owing to the efforts of Mr. George Grove, the secretary of the Crystal Palace (an accomplished musical amateur), we shall doubtless hear more of the many compositions (including several orchestral symphonies) left in manuscript by that extraordinary genius, Franz Schubert. Another still more important event to be looked for is the expected performance at the Crystal Palace, for the first time in this country, of Mendelssohn's great "Reformation Symphony," one of the many manuscript works of its composer which have been kept back by his executors. The solo vocalists at Saturday's concert were Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey-Whytock, and Mr. Patey. Among the vocal pieces was a very elegant song from Mr. Sullivan's manuscript opera, "The Sapphire Necklace," charmingly sung by Miss Wynne. The orchestra has been enlarged, and the concert-room itself improved so as to meet the increased requirements consequent on the great attraction of these admirable performances.

The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts still continue to draw large audiences by their mixed programmes of classical music, conducted by Signor Bottesini, and the brilliant dance music of Herr Strauss, conducted by himself. Several special nights have been given, with the first portion of the programme entirely devoted to the works of one of the great composers; Spohr having been the subject of illustration on Thursday week, when the selection included the "Power of Sound" symphony, the overture to "Jessonda," the slow movement of the ninth violin concerto (capitally played by Mr. H. Hill), and the chamber song, "Love and Courage," sung by Madame Jetty Treffz, with horn and harp accompaniment by Mr. C. Harper and Mr. Trust. In the miscellaneous selections, Mr. Wehli still continues to astonish the public by his feats of execution on the pianoforte. For last Thursday, a "Mendelssohn" night was announced, to include the "Scotch" symphony, the "Trumpet" overture, and the "Rondo Brilliant" in E flat for pianoforte, with orchestra—Madame Julia Woolf being the pianiste.

#### THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE THEATRE was re-opened on Saturday night last by Mr. F. B. Chatterton, with Mr. Bayle Bernard's version of Goethe's "Faust," originally produced at this house last autumn, and the old, and we may add worthless, musical play of "The Miller and his Men," which belongs to the so-called palmy days of the drama. The authorship of this play is generally ascribed to Isaac Pocock, but it is also claimed by a Mr. Henry Harper, the first being known as a prolific playwright, and the second as only one of those foolish persons who write or adapt dramas, and send them in unsolicited to managers. The play was produced at Covent Garden in 1813, with alterations which one party considered important, and the other very slight, and owing, we must charitably believe, to the tuneful music liberally supplied by Sir Henry Bishop, it was a great success as an afterpiece. They performed it fifty times—a long "run" for those days—with a cast which comprised Liston, Farley, Mr. F. Vining (the father of Mr. George Vining) Miss Booth, and Mrs. Egerton. Its last revival was at the Haymarket in 1860, when it was tolerated for a short time as a theatrical curiosity, and served to show modern playgoers the kind of rubbish their fathers and grandfathers enjoyed. The dialogue is either feeble or inflated, and the characters are the most wooden of wooden stage puppets. Old Kelmar is a terrible prosy bore, who is constantly uttering set phrases and moral maxims, and Karl is one of those characters that half the low comedians in London would reject with scorn, although Liston was not too proud to accept it. Grindoff and his crew are very unreal mockeries, and burlesque has atoned for some of its sins by turning this fine old crusted drama into ridicule. Mr. Chatterton has placed it on the stage with pretty scenery by Mr. J. Johnson, and new conventional dresses, that remind us of the days when the characters printed on sheets, "one penny plain and twopence coloured," were sold for juvenile stages. Mr. Ryder is the courageous actor who ventures to play Grindoff at Drury Lane, Mr. Barrett, with equal courage, plays Kelmar, Mr. C. Harcourt Count Friberg, and Mr. Edmund Phelps Lothair. All these gentlemen merit the Victoria Cross, or some other reward for excessive valour. Mr. J. Rouse represents Karl with ill-concealed contempt for the part, and we can scarcely blame him. The wronged Ravina and the gentle Claudine are impersonated by Miss Stafford and Miss Edith Stuart, and the piece is announced as being performed at Drury Lane for the first time.

There are no changes of much importance in the cast or performance of "Faust," with the exception of the substitution of Mr. C. Harcourt for Mr. W. Harrison as Valentine. Mr. Harcourt is a pleasing actor, whose force is well disciplined, and we think he would make a better Faust than Mr. Edmund Phelps. Mr. Phelps's Mephistophiles is still rather monotonous, but he has improved his dress, and left off clawing the air to stroke it instead. The vulgar conjuring of the part has still far too much prominence in his embodiment, and this, with the pantomime-revels on the Brocken, help to keep the play from becoming too poetical and metaphysical for the masses. Mrs. Hermann Vezin shows love and feeling as Margaret, but her performance is disfigured by an affectation of childish simplicity that is both unnatural and disagreeable. The house was very full, and the season was commenced with every prospect of success.

The death of Mr. F. G. Tomlins, one of the oldest dramatic

critics on the London press, took place last Saturday. Mr. Tomlins had an extensive knowledge of the Elizabethan drama; at one time he was the secretary of the Shakespearian Society, and he took an active part in the abolition of the patent theatres. He was the author of a play called "Garcia," and one or two works on the drama, and up to the time of his death was an active newspaper editor and journalist. In private life he was bright, cheerful, benevolent, humorous, and full of anecdote, and no man will be more sincerely regretted by a large literary and artistic circle.

#### SCIENCE.

##### SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

THE spots which have appeared during the present month on the sun's disk have been carefully examined by M. Chacornac, who has just laid the results of his observations before the French Academy. M. Chacornac thinks that these spots result from certain planetary influences on the solar photosphere, and that they are, to a certain extent, periodical phenomena. The spot now seen indicates the position of a group of volcanoes in the nucleus. The largest of these solar spots is situate towards the eastern extremity of the sun's visible hemisphere, and may be seen with the naked eye.

Wolfram appears to be a mineral likely to repay a careful examination. Dr. Phipson writes to the Académie des Sciences to say that he has discovered *Columbite* (niobate of iron and manganese) in it. The method of separation is very simple, and depends on the fact that wolfram is attacked by aqua-regia, and columbite is not. The mineral having been powdered, is treated with aqua-regia and heated. The residue then contains the columbite, together with the tungstic acid, which may be separated by a solution of ammonia.

Those who are interested in the subject of colonial wines, should read a valuable practical paper which has been written by the Rev. John Bleasdale, and read by him before the Royal Society of Victoria on the 13th of May last. The paper is published in full in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Victoria which we have just received. Mr. Bleasdale gives a thorough and impartial account of the many species of wine made in Australia, and gives the results of his different experiments on the strength, permanence, body, and general qualities of each species. It is clear that the colonists need import very little wine, for the produce of their own grape seems to possess qualities inferior to none of the European wines.

The colouration of the lunar disk during the eclipse of the 13th inst. was, says M. Chacornac, as usual. The greater portion of the disk covered by the earth's shadow was of a red colour; the portion at the borders of the shadow had a faintly violet tint. Between the two limits were seen all the intermediate colours of the spectrum—yellow, orange, green, and blue blended together. These colours resulted from the sun's rays passing through our atmosphere, and being decomposed by it, as they would have been by a prism.

M. Trécul has just published another of his excellent series of memoirs on the structure of the laticiferous vessels in plants. M. Trécul's researches have already thrown much fresh light on the problem of the circulation of the sap in vegetables.

Signor Casterani has sent a note to the French Academy on the subject of "Spots on the Cornea of the Eye."

The nature of unwholesome vapours has been investigated by M. Lemaire. This *savant*, believing that miasmata are produced by large quantities of the very lowest animal and vegetable organisms, collected the air of a room in which twenty persons had slept, and which had no ventilation. On condensing the vapour of this air and submitting it to microscopic examination he found it charged with Bacteria (*B. termo*), Vibriones, and Monads, the latter being of the form of a pointed oval. He then examined the vapour collected from the outer atmosphere and kept for 48 hours, and though it presented a few Bacteria and Vibriones, it contained no Monads. If French *savants* would define these Monads, it would add much to the value of their researches.

M. Alix continues his observation on the anatomy of *Pteropus Edwardsii*, referred to in our last "Jottings."

Herr Seegen has laid before the Vienna Academy a memoir on the excretion of the nitrogen of albuminates by animals. In this he records the results of numerous carefully-conducted experiments on dogs, which we cannot do more than allude to. The results which the author arrives at are these:—1. Besides the alimentary canal and kidneys there are other channels through which the nitrogen contained in the transposed nitrogenous tissues may be expelled. 2. Under certain undefined conditions the whole of the transposed nitrogen is contained in the solid and liquid excrementitious matters. 3. Under other circumstances a portion of the nitrogen is excreted through other channels (probably the skin and lungs). 4. It is therefore incorrect to regard the difference between the nitrogen ingested and that excreted by the solid and liquid excrements as an addition to the tissues of an animal.

The foreign correspondent of the *Chemical News* says that the French are convinced that we not only steal their "plays," but that we also appropriate their scientific discoveries. He states that at a recent discussion on the Pascal-Newton question, a well-known literary celebrity said that all the greatest discoveries and the grandest ideas were French. "Your English writers, what are they but imitators of us? You have invented the word adapted to



conceal your robberies from our dramatists, and now not satisfied with 'adapting' our dramas, you 'adapt' our discoveries. Your Swifts and your Sternes, that you pride yourselves so much on, have they not robbed from Rabelais? They should be kicked, especially your Sternes."

The skins of grapes which have been used in making wine have been "utilized" by MM. Juetti and Ponteves, who have employed them in the manufacture of tartaric acid. After distillation the skins are treated with water, so as to obtain lees. To this last is added two per cent. of sulphuric acid, and the mixture is then boiled for some hours. By this means the tartaric acid is set free. The inventors of the process say that a million hectolitres of wine give sufficient refuse grape skins to produce £24,000 worth of tartaric acid.

Mr. T. P. Bruce Warren has suggested a very ingenious and reliable method of determining the purity of essential oils. It simply consists in estimating the resistance which the oil presents to the passage of an electric current. The polariscopic and dispersive properties of oils do not, in Mr. Bruce's opinion, give sufficiently trustworthy results.

The interesting zoophyte, *Cordylophora lacustris*, which was first discovered by Professor Allman, of Edinburgh, in the canals of Dublin, has recently been found in the neighbourhood of Ostend by M. Van Beneden, who recorded its discovery to the Belgian Academy of Sciences. M. van Beneden proposes to follow out the history of the development of the *Cordylophora*, and he thinks he may be able to procure its medusæ (or reproductive zoïds) as interesting inhabitants for a fresh-water aquarium.

At one of the late meetings of the Berlin Academy of Science, M. du Bois Reymond presented a memoir by M. Kühne on the subject of the digestion of albumen by the pancreatic juice. The experiments described by M. Kühne are of the highest interest to physiologists. They prove, too, that the pancreas not only emulsifies fatty matter, but that it is capable of promoting the digestion of albuminous matters. The pancreatic juice acts as a ferment, converting (when the process is continued for any length of time) albumen into peptone, and this again into leucine and tyrosine.

Continuing his study of the osteology of the extinct mesotherium, M. Serres, in his memoir published on the 9th inst., describes the dentition and the structure of the teeth of this strange fossil. The incisor teeth appear to be peculiarly complex. They are formed by the union of two dental cylinders, in this way forming an analogy with those of the equally remarkable creature the *Toxodon*.

On the 26th of August last, M. Radau read a paper before the French Academy, in which he alleged that the principle of the barometer was fully known to both Magellan and Maguire. This statement induced Signor Secchi to go into the history of the subject, and elicited a note from him in the *Comptes Rendus*, September 9, in which he states the following conclusions:—  
1. Neither Magellan nor Maguire understood the true principle of the action of the static barometer; 2. They suggested apparatus quite impossible to construct, and which they failed to construct themselves; 3. The impossibility of construction explains why this instrument fell into oblivion.

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

### THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THE approaching close of the quarter has been accompanied by hardly any of that increase in the demand for money which is usually experienced at those periods of the year. The supply of capital, indeed, remains superabundant, and first-class banking paper has been negotiated as low as  $1\frac{1}{4}$ , or even  $1\frac{1}{8}$  per cent., while for good mercantile bills the charge has been no more than  $1\frac{1}{8}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$ . On the Stock Exchange advances are freely offered at 1 per cent. on English Government Funds, and on foreign bonds at only 2 or 3. It rarely happens that loans of this last description can be obtained on such comparatively nominal terms. As a rule, the charge is generally about twice as high as the rate of interest the respective securities bear. For example, on most of the Turkish stocks it would be 12 per cent., on Spanish or Portuguese 6, and so on. At times, when political disturbances are feared, and violent fluctuations in prices may consequently take place, the rates are often much higher. It cannot be denied that in the present critical state of affairs, such considerations ought to have more than ordinary force, were it not that the unprecedented plethora of money suffices to outweigh them all. According to all indications, this abundance is more likely to increase than diminish. Gold is coming forward from Australia in steadily augmenting quantities, more than enough to counterbalance the decreased supply from the United States. Although the foreign exchanges during the last day or two have been slightly less firm, they are still sufficiently high to prevent exports of bullion, to any appreciable extent, to the Continent. It is not unlikely, on the other hand, that considering the doubtful position of political and financial affairs

in nearly all the countries of Europe, money will rather be sent over here for safe custody than taken away.

But if the supply of capital is excessive now, it promises to be still greater in October. The payment of the dividends will set free a large quantity of money that in the ordinary course of business has been accumulating during the last three months to the credit of the Government balance. Generally speaking, the periodical disbursements of these sums are in a great degree anticipated. Loans have usually been effected against the receipt of the dividends, and the amounts received at one counter were thus paid back at the next. On the present occasion, it happens that scarcely any applications for advances have been made to the Bank. Money could be obtained at half the price elsewhere by the few stockholders who wished to borrow. The whole of the amount payable next month will, therefore, directly or indirectly, come to swell the supply in the discount market. The Bank also will at that period be receiving back the surplus notes and coin put into circulation for the exceptional requirements of the harvest. Unless, therefore, the Government should withdraw any very large sums in specie for the Abyssinian expedition—and that is not very probable—in a fortnight or three weeks, the money will be more abundant than ever. It is an axiom in political economy that when labour falls to a certain price it is worth no man's while to work, since the return is too low to enable him to live. Something of the same sort may probably be seen before long at the other end of the social chain. The capitalist, unable to get any remunerative profit, will leave his money idle; bankers will find their balances increase to unmanageable dimensions; and reasoners unacquainted with the City will wonder how it happens that a new mania is not at once started, and that even legitimate commercial enterprise lies dormant.

Strange as it may seem, hardly any questions, so far as the general public is concerned, are more regulated by caprice than those relating to finance. Scarcely a day passes without a letter appearing in one of the newspapers to complain of the low price of the shares of some particular company. At the general meetings speeches upon this point often take up the greater part of the time, although they are seldom reported. It certainly is not unnatural that many of the singular discrepancies shown in the share list should attract attention. Take, for example, an Indian railway; it has a minimum 5 per cent. guarantee from the Government, and the chance of getting more if the line turns out profitable. Yet the quotation of the stock is perhaps 5 to 8 per cent. below the Indian Government Fives, which possess precisely the same security, and cannot in any case pay more than the stipulated 5 per cent. Indian Rupee paper is likewise comparatively lower than the home stocks, although practically it is worth more, since the interest being payable in the old Sicca rupees, every advance in the price of silver renders it the more valuable. Yet somehow, the public do not care to buy it. For a short time purchases were freely made, but they have now almost entirely ceased. This is only one, though perhaps the most notable, instance of the manner in which securities of equal value are, for no conceivable reason, unequally regarded in the general estimation.

The ominous fall in the shares of the *Crédit Mobilier* of Paris appears to show that the career of this once powerful institution is rapidly drawing to a close. A liquidation has been discussed, and when once a discussion of this sort has been protracted beyond a few days the anticipation is apt to become a certainty. The collapse will be severely felt, not only in France, but in Belgium, Spain, and Italy. Whatever the demerits of the *Crédit Mobilier* have been—and they are not few—the society has nevertheless been productive of no small benefit. It has awakened the spirit of commercial enterprise in France to a far more important extent than is generally known. Notwithstanding the warlike articles in the journals and the professional wishes of the army for the chance of glory and advancement, there is no doubt that the nation at large is in favour of peace. This was to a great extent shown in 1859, at the outbreak of the Italian war, and later on the expedition to Mexico. The feeling is intensified now, as year after year of quiet prosperity has passed by. It is only just to give the *Crédit Mobilier* its fair share of the credit for effecting this change, and it is with some regret that we see an institution die out which has occasionally done harm, but, on the other hand, has done much more good.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about at par, and the short exchange on London is  $25\frac{22}{4}$  per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about 2-10ths dearer in London than in Paris.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES' SECRET SERVICE.\*

THE leading events of the great American struggle are so fresh in the minds of all, that a reference to them in the language of a man who largely shared the dangers and labours of that eventful period, cannot but prove highly interesting to the English as well as to the American reader. It is to be regretted, perhaps, that the greater part of the correspondence which disfigures and renders tedious General Baker's volume was not omitted in the publication. One letter would have answered the purpose of twenty (such, at least, as are here included), to illustrate the method of the American war-correspondence. This history is most unnecessarily swelled out by the insertion of long despatches to Messrs. Lincoln, Seward, Stanton, &c., which can possess no possible interest to the reader, and which, if there be any necessity at all for their publication, should be reserved to garnish the future memoirs of the men to whom they owe their production. In the introductory chapter to his volume, General Baker enters into a brief account of the organization of the United States' Secret Service. We are informed that Brigadier-General La Fayette C. Baker belongs to a family of New England origin, which claims to enrol amongst its generations the names of men conspicuous for their heroism in the French and Indian wars. General Baker was born in New York, 1826. When three years of age his father removed to Elba, an adjoining town, where he resided for ten years. He subsequently returned to his native place, and became engaged in mechanical and mercantile pursuits. Long after this, "At the very moment he was ready to return to the Pacific coast, the tocsin of civil war startled the land. In common with the loyal millions of the North, his patriotic indignation at the treasonable revolt, and the desire to aid in its suppression, made all other purposes and plans of small importance. He immediately decided to abandon his business schemes and serve the imperilled country. How well he succeeded, and his public career from this point of his history, will appear in his story of the National Secret Service." The dexterity displayed by this general of the American police is not always paralleled by the most remarkable feats of that prince of thief-takers, Vidocq. The following may serve as proofs of the keen observation and decision that are necessary for a character, of which, without disputing its value, General Baker can never convince us of the morality:—

"The clue to a deserter's character was found in his bronzed face, while his dress and positive declarations indicated the life of a quiet citizen. In another case the falsehood was exposed by the *spur-mark in the boot*. A soldier in disguise, and asserting his innocence of battle-service, was detected through an examination of his hand, on the palm of which was a callous spot, where the gun-lock had pressed in the march. The red line on Government stockings and the peculiar style of the shirts have revealed the fact denied by the lips and all the rest of the apparel. A deserter from the Twelfth New York Battery so well concealed his 'soldiering,' that nothing about his person confirmed my suspicions. At last General Baker resorted to *strategy*. He watched for an opportunity when he was lazily dozing in his office, and suddenly and loudly shouted, 'Fall in men!' He started up, looked around, and began to prepare for his march. It was plainly useless to attempt to deny any longer that he had been in the ranks. At another time, General Baker was searching for a female spy, and had his attention drawn to rather a delicate-looking young man, whom he followed with some companions into a saloon. When they stood before the door drinking and talking, he noticed that this youth threw up the fingers often to brush aside the hair. The form was shaped like a woman's, and in a sitting posture the hands were crossed, just as women are in the habit of placing them. He called the astonished stranger aside, and desired a private interview, in which he said the game of deception was finished—that he knew both the sex and business in hand. She burst into tears and confessed all."

The most interesting description in this volume is that with which the book opens—i.e., Baker's account of his trip from Washington to Richmond. It reads very much like a highly-coloured chapter out of a romance; and yet there is a certain air of truth about it which serves to allay anything like suspicion as to the gravity of the narrator. He started on this mission, July 11, 1861, with the view of learning, if possible, "the locality and strength of the hostile troops, especially of the dreaded Black-horse cavalry, and also of their fortifications." It is not until the whole account of it is perused that the danger of this exploit can be fully realized. The Confederate army lay before Washington, guarding the frontier, stretching from a point three miles below Alexandria, where General Heintzelman was Provost-Marshal. No passes were recognised by either the Union or the Confederate army; and therefore Baker ran the almost inevitable risk of being arrested as a spy. Just when crossing the Federal lines he was startled with the shout "Who goes there?" and the first thing he saw was a sentinel with lifted gun, standing upon a knoll just before him. He had no alternative but to surrender, and he was marched into the presence of Heintzelman with the following polite introduction: "Here is a spy, General, that we found lurking about our camp, trying to get through the lines."

"Oh, you villain you, you," said Heintzelman, with his usual nasal twang, and an oath; "trying to get through my lines, are you? I've a good notion to cut your head off! But I'll fix you, you rascal;

I'll send you to General Scott.' Another guard, with an escort from the brave General, who was evidently gratified with the successful vigilance of his men, was ordered for me, and I was hurried away to Washington. The escort was dismissed by General Scott, and my story told. With an expression that indicated both amusement at the ruse and its failure and confidence in me, the old veteran said, 'Well, try again.'"

He did try again, and when four miles from the banks of the Potomac, two Confederate soldiers made their appearance, who arrested him as a spy, and marched him off towards their camp, eight miles distant. But fortunately a beer-shop by the roadside tempted the guard to enter it. Baker, though a teetotaler, accepted a glass of ale, and in turn treated his captors. They indulged themselves so liberally that they soon fell asleep, and Baker proceeded on his way. He was again arrested and sent on to Brentsville. Here, after some cross-examination from General Bonham, he was put in irons and forwarded to General Beauregard as a Yankee spy. Once more he is keenly questioned, and then taken by the guard to a stockade or pen, inside of which was a log-house. Determined to lose no opportunity of observing all that he could, General Baker, by the aid of a twenty-dollar gold piece, induced his guard to take him out for a walk. He was thus enabled to make a thorough inspection of what with a natural prejudice he calls the "rebel" troops. In this place the following curious incident occurred to him:—

"My next questioner was a woman, assuming the calling of a colporteur or tract distributor. I was standing by the pump—she approached me and said, 'Sir, will you read one of my tracts?' 'Certainly; thank you, madam.'—Handing me two or three tracts, she remarked, 'This war is a terrible thing. How long have you been here?' 'Came here this morning.'—She said, 'Read those tracts, and then give them to your fellow-prisoners. What are you here for?' 'I do not know, madam; but hope nothing very serious.'—'Do you live in the South?' 'No; I am from the North—I was arrested yesterday down on the river.'—'Oh, you are from the other side, are you—from Washington?' 'Yes; I left there three days ago.'—'Are you going back?' 'Well, that depends upon General Beauregard.'—'Oh, he is a very kind man, and certainly would not keep you here a moment without some good reason. Were you born in the North?' 'Yes; I suppose I am a Yankee.'—'Is the North really going to fight the South?' 'I think it will.'—She then left me to continue her mission, distributing tracts to the prisoners and guards. Returning soon after, she said in a low tone of voice, 'I am trying to do all the good I can. Are you a Christian?' I answered, 'I thought I was once, but now have very serious doubts on the subject.'—She then added, 'The lieutenant thinks you are a spy; if you are, be very careful what you say. I was born at the North, and have lived among these people seven years. My sympathies are all with the Northern people. I am trying now to get a pass from General Beauregard, that I may visit my sister in New York, who is a teacher in one of the public schools. I will gladly take any message you may want to send to your friends. I think I shall get my pass to-morrow.' The only reply I made was, 'I think I shall see my friends before you do.' With this she shook my hand cordially and left me. Two years and a half later, I met my tract friend, who was the famous 'Belle Boyd,' under very different circumstances."

General Baker was then conducted to Richmond, where he recounts an interesting interview with President Jefferson Davis, whom he describes as occupying the front parlour in the Spottswood House, and, the weather being warm, wearing simply a light linen coat, without vest, collar, or cravat. He managed to escape from Richmond by one of those *coups de main* which will always appear improbable to those who do not know how astonishingly sharp an urgent necessity will make a man's wits. To follow him through this single episode would be to transcribe pretty well a third of the book. The whole description is written smartly, without any effort of colouring. The simplicity of the narrative is a wise precaution to guard against the suspicion of its truth,—a suspicion that was very likely indeed to be incurred had any of the arts of the romancist been employed in the narration.

"It will always be an historical fact," exclaims General Baker, "over which the loyal heart will sadly wonder, that, while the cause of treason was rarely betrayed by its professed friends, the most threatening danger at the North was the treachery of those who lived under, and even hurried for, the old flag."

Instances of the most infamous corruption came to light during the progress of the war. It became, after a time, almost impossible to depend upon those who in an official capacity were invested with the least degree of trust. Great failures, says our author, were caused by the improper use of the telegraph. When battles were impending, guards were sent to the offices to watch them; first, to prevent intelligence from reaching the enemy; secondly, to keep it out of the hands of unscrupulous persons, who would use it for speculation. It is said that two millions of dollars were made in Wall-street in a single hour. Clerks and *employés* of the Government, whose business it was to make returns for the amount of forage and supplies received from the contractors, it was found were bribed by the latter to make false entries, and thus fraudulently increase the weight. On General Baker's investigating certain transactions he disclosed the astonishing fact that these clerks had increased the amount of supplies furnished by sixteen contractors to the amount in money of over two hundred thousand dollars. There is an account of the murder of President Lincoln, and a full description of the escape and pursuit of Booth, his capture, his death, and the execution of his accomplices. Our space forbids us to enter into any further analysis

\* History of the United States' Secret Service. By General L. C. Baker, Chief, National Detective Police. Philadelphia: L. C. Baker. London: Trübner & Co.



of this book. It is full of anecdote, agreeably written, and but for the page after page of dry and uninteresting correspondence with which it abounds, might have met with as much favour and success as any good novel that has been published this year. It may stand this chance now; and we at all events gladly lend it our assistance by assuring our readers of many an agreeable half-hour to be spent over its many anecdotes.

#### THEOLOGICAL WORKS.\*

OF the three works we propose to notice, Dr. Vaughan's new volume claims the first consideration. Perhaps we ought not to call it entirely new; for those of our readers who see *Good Words* will remember some portion of its contents as appearing in that excellent periodical. But whatever comes from the pen of the Vicar of Doncaster is too carefully thought out and too systematically connected to receive adequate appreciation by being read in the pages of a monthly, however popular. Few men have the power of imparting theological teaching and affording spiritual guidance to various minds in an equal measure with Dr. Vaughan. When we think that three at least of our best preachers at present have been, or actually are, head-masters of public schools, we are led to see in such microcosms of society, as they have been called, wider fields of experience in life and character than people unacquainted with them would naturally suppose. Dr. Goulburn's discourses and devotional works are acceptable to every party in the English Church; Dr. Temple's sermons are admired for the earnestness, vigour, and spirituality of their tone by many, who would disclaim the speculative doctrines of the writer in "Essays and Reviews." Dr. Vaughan, in our judgment, is superior to both. He is less fanciful than the Dean of Norwich, and never rides a theological hobby to death. If he has less reach of thought and a less philosophical grasp of his subject than Dr. Temple, he is perhaps still more accurately acquainted with the religious wants, difficulties, and tendencies of ordinary people in his day. From the knowledge he displays of the feelings, habits, and prejudices of the common-place and rather uninteresting inhabitants of a large country town, you might fancy he had been the hard-working curate of a London parish all his life instead of teaching boys Greek and Latin at Harrow. Not that the gifts of the scholar are obscured in those of the pastor. We have been always struck with Dr. Vaughan's singular felicity of language, and especially his *exactness* and *purity* of expression. We do not believe that in his many books the most sensitive critic would detect a superfluous epithet, an inappropriate antithesis, much less an awkward sentence, a false metaphor, or a tasteless simile. You never find him exaggerating a situation, or overstating a case, or caricaturing a naturally unamiable character. Good taste, good sense, precise thought, and charitable feeling, are stamped on every page. The present volume is quite equal to its predecessors; and when we are told that the proceeds of this, together with those derived from the two preceding volumes of the series, are devoted to rebuilding the schools of the vicar's parish, we are all the more disposed to wish this little book the same success in a pecuniary point of view, which it has unquestionably attained in a literary. Its three subjects are "Faith" in its various aspects—repenting, resolving, working, resting, fighting, conquering; "Prayer," viewed in its nature, its principles, its hindrances, and its relation to action, discipline, and education; and, lastly, "Human Life," as interpreted by the parable of the Prodigal Son. We cordially recommend to all readers a careful perusal of the second portion of the work. It is full of the best matter, original and suggestive; the subject is viewed from every side, objections are fairly stated, and honestly, if not always satisfactorily, met. The last section in particular on Prayer, as "a discipline and an education," strikes us as an eminently thoughtful and discriminating chapter on one of the most important aspects of the subject. Dr. Vaughan's experience of a large school has evidently not been without its influence on him, when he dwells on the difference between education and discipline in life. He has also some excellent remarks in the previous chapter on the true relations between prayer and action, where he touches with great force and delicacy combined upon the tendency with some to make action a substitute for prayer, and with others to make prayer a ground for inaction. We prefer not to quote these and many other gems of this excellent little volume, partly for fear of spoiling their effect by abbreviation, and partly to sharpen the appetite of our readers for becoming better acquainted with the sound-minded and wide-hearted theology of the Vicar of Doncaster.

Mr. Loraine's little work on the "Voice of the Prayer-book" is not unseasonable at a time when, amid the perplexities of modern interpretations, ordinary people are asking what it does say, and what it does not. The book is, in the main, the substance of a series of lectures delivered by the author in his church at Liverpool, with the subsequent addition of notes and short biographies of persons connected with the Reformation, and its fruit, the compilation of our English Liturgy. The tone throughout is eminently moderate and sensible, and cannot but recommend itself to the kindred spirit of the Bishop of Chester, to whom its pages are dedicated. It is possible that such a work may be needed. Wheatly's

"Illustration," however "rational," is somewhat out of date; Mr. Palmer's excellent "Origines Liturgicæ" are rather too learned for ordinary readers; busy people require something a little shorter than Mr. Proctor's able work on the subject; and as Mr. Loraine has culled some of the best things from these works, as well as from the recent publication by the Messrs. Rivington of the excellent little manual entitled "The Prayer-book Interleaved," he may have the satisfaction of being useful, if he cannot claim much credit for being original. We wish that he had given us some account of the early liturgies from the valuable researches of Mr. Neal; it is a pity, moreover, that he has omitted to compare the English Common Prayer-book with that used in the Scotch episcopalian and American churches, a comparison full of interest, especially in regard to two points much mooted in our day,—the arrangement of the Eucharistic liturgy, and the variety of special services to meet various occasions. Mr. Loraine would also, we think, have made his *manual* more useful for practical purposes if he had given an exegetical comment on the Communion service rather than a controversial discussion on the vexed questions of transubstantiation and consubstantiation. His space does not allow him to do full justice to the latter, though doubtless more interesting to a Protestant congregation in a town full of Roman Catholics, whereas an interpretation of the various parts and rubrics of that service, drawn out in the same way as he has done with the Morning and Evening Prayer, if less exciting, would have been far more edifying and consistent with the general object and plan of the book. Mr. Loraine is very accurate wherever we have tested him, and here and there shows traces of classical scholarship rarely found or appreciated in the ministers of northern towns. So we may fairly conjecture that it was only by a slip of the pen that, in his note on "Interment" at p. 171, he wrote *κοιμάω*, instead of the middle, as signifying "to sleep." Why, moreover, should *κρύπτειν* be translated "cast away" in the passage from Josephus, which, by the way, we were unable to find, quoted at p. 176? We would simply draw our author's attention to these trifling oversights, and we lay down his useful, unpretending little volume with full concurrence in his hope that the lines of party demarcation, more and more centreing on the Book of Common Prayer, may (not through Parliamentary interference, but by increasing knowledge and expanding charity) "grow fainter year by year."

The next work on our list is a new and revised edition of Canon McNeile's "Church and the Churches," the first edition of which appeared about twenty years ago in the heat of the Tractarian struggle. We confess to some surprise that the author has not, among other things he has "revised," thought fit to modify certain statements in the Preface which, if suited to the year 1846, can hardly be applied with truth or fairness to our day. We are not careful to plead for the rulers of the English Church, who can generally take very good care of themselves; but we cannot but think that somewhat less than justice is done our Bishops when Dr. McNeile retains the denunciation of them as "discountenancing Apostolic doctrine;" "condemning Apostolic fervour as unhallowed enthusiasm;" "frowning on energy and horror-struck at zeal, as of a most unorthodox and ungentlemanlike quality." We need scarcely say that the book throughout is controversial, debating one of the well-known problems of that epoch, "What are the notes of a true Church?" The author goes elaborately through the customary marks, such as "catholicity," "holiness," "unity," and the like, giving a Protestant view of these as contrasted with their Romanist sense, and interweaving with the discussion expositions of texts and passages in Scripture which strike us as occasionally novel, frequently forced, and seldom convincing to any but those whose minds are already made up on the points in question. After all, Dr. McNeile cannot discover any Church that possesses these "notes" except in a very qualified sense. The English Church, viewed on its Protestant side, comes nearest to them; but the unspirituality of its rulers, and the Tractarian tendencies of many of its clergy, considerably mar its claims to "unity" and "holiness." Dr. McNeile fully believes that Scripture tells wholly in favour of his view of the case, and so he never misses an opportunity of exalting the Bible to the disparagement of the Church, just as his opponents love to pick every hole they can in Scripture, in order to demonstrate the necessity of Church-authority. Whether such discussions are fruitful of wisdom, peace, and edification, so active and earnest a minister as our author ought to know; but for ourselves, we strongly suspect that they never convince anybody, and only give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. Dr. McNeile can hardly expect any unbiassed judge to agree with his interpretation of the famous text in St. Matthew (xvi. 18) on Peter, as not being "the Rock," nor is he even right in the assertion that *πίτρος* is never used in classical Greek as *πέτρα*. Again, whatever be the doctrine at stake, it is quite certain that under no circumstances can "*ἔκτερος ἱστοί*," in Acts x. 35, mean "has already been accepted," while of course it does signify, what our author especially deprecates, is "fit or likely to be accepted." But the Canon's prejudice can blind his eyes to more serious things than the exact meaning of Greek verbals. We could not have believed it possible that a divine of Dr. McNeile's ability and learning should nowadays gravely compose a note by way of proving that the story of Pope Joan is "a well-authenticated fact," in proof of which monstrous assertion, refuted demonstrably two hundred years ago by the Protestant writers Blondel and Bayle, our author produces no other evidence than the version of Platina, the biographer of the Popes, who simply copied it from Martinus, omitting at the same time the element of doubt allowed by the words of his authority, "*Hic, ut asseritur, femina fuit*." If our author should, in a future edition,

\* Voices of the Prophets; or Faith, Prayer, and Human Life. By C. T. Vaughan, D.D., Vicar of Doncaster. London: Alexander Strahan.  
The Voice of the Prayer-Book. Lectures and Annotations on the Liturgy. By Rev. Nevson Loraine, Liverpool. London: Longmans.  
The Church and the Churches. By Rev. Hugh McNeile, D.D., Canon of Chester. New Edition, Revised. Two vols. London: Hatchard & Co.



reconsider some of these statements and interpretations, and if he would prevail on a friend to correct the numberless errors in Greek spelling and accentuation (not to mention a few in the English text as well), his book might not be unacceptable to others beside the uncritical partisans who will welcome it as the infallible oracle of their favourite theology.

#### THE STARLING.\*

DR. MACLEOD'S books puzzle us. It is impossible to say whether they were written to fulfil a religious duty, or as a mere amusement, or as a definite effort in literature. On the one hand they often contain excellent material—material out of which Balzac would have created a miracle of art; and on the other they show such traces of indolence as to make one fancy that the Doctor is content to be a Queen's chaplain, a popular preacher, and an esteemed member of Glasgow society, without desiring to enter the literary lists in a manner which would demand anything like comparative criticism. The present story, for instance, is a charming little drama composed of the simplest materials. The characters are a few Scotch peasants and a Scotch minister; the action is quiet, and yet interesting; and as interludes we have some excellent sketches of rustic life and manners. It is provoking, therefore, that the tale should be spoiled by the carelessness of allowing the men and women in the book to become prolix and conventional to an unbearable degree. Now we know that Dr. Macleod is sufficiently acquainted with Scotch and Highland character to give us definite types, and we naturally rebel against the literary laziness of making half a dozen different men and women talk in the same way, exhibit the same weaknesses, and manifest the same heroisms. Why, they even repeat each other's jokes! A profound witticism about a poor man being only able to pay the debt of nature appears in the first volume as the utterance of Jock Hall, and in the second volume is accredited to a mysterious watchmaker. There are also some marked inconsistencies in those characters which are sketched with any decision of touch. There is nothing in common, for instance, between the Mr. Porteous who, in pp. 175-6 of the second volume, is described as a stern, high-principled, courageous clergyman, and the Mr. Porteous who, in the first volume, comes to talk inflated and pompous idiocy to Adam Mercer. But as the starling may gain the credit of not only having awakened latent feelings in the minister's heart, but of having entirely changed his characters in a few months, we gladly proceed to tell the history of the wonderful bird.

Adam Mercer is an old soldier who, having seen much service, returns to a small village on the borders of the Highlands, and resumes his trade of shoemaker. The Sergeant is an extremely pious man, and achieves the honour of being made elder in Mr. Porteous's church. He is possessed of a starling, which he has taught, with much labour, to repeat such phrases as "A man's a man for a' that," and "Wha'll be king but Charlie?" Above all, this bird has a habit of saying "I'm Charlie's bairn," this Charlie being a little boy of Mercer's, now dead. Little Charlie made a pet of the starling, and naturally enough the Sergeant and his wife Katie are particularly fond of the bird. Now one Sunday morning the starling was hung up outside Mercer's door, and had collected a lot of the village children to hear its repeated cries, when Mr. Porteous, the minister, came up, and was horrified to see this picture of juvenile depravity and Sabbath desecration. He entered the house, and pointed out to Mercer that as an elder of the Kirk he was bound to show an example, that this bird had proved a stumbling-block, and that, therefore, his duty was clearly and decidedly to kill "Charlie's bairn." Adam refuses; the minister leaves the house in high dudgeon; and a terrible calm, as of some impending calamity, falls over the spirits of the Sergeant and his wife. Katie, indeed, is so horror-stricken by the idea of offending the minister and raising a scandal that she is willing the bird should be destroyed. The following scene, where her husband offers to do the deed, is very cleverly drawn:—

"Hoo can we gang to the kirk, Adam, wi' this on our conscience?" muttered Katie. "I hae naething on my conscience, Katie, to disturb it," said her husband; "and I'm sorry if anything I hae done should disturb yours. What can I do to lighten 't?" Katie was silent. "If ye mean," said the Sergeant, "that the bird should be killed, by a' means let it be done. I'll do anything to please you, though Mr. Porteous has, in my opinion, nae richt whatever to insist on my doin't to please him; for he kens naething aboot the cratur. But if you, that kens as weel as me a' the bird has been to us baith, but speak the word, the deed will be alloed by me. I'll never say no." "Do yor duty, Adam!" said his wife. "That is, my duty to you, mind, for I owe it to nane else I ken o'. But that duty shall be done—so ye've my full leave and leeberty tae kill the bird. Here he is! Tak' him oot o' the cage, and finish him. I'll no interfere, nor even look on, cost what it may." And the Sergeant took down the cage, and held it near his wife. But she said nothing, and did nothing. "I'm Charlie's bairn!" exclaimed the starling. "Dinna tell me, Adam, tae kill the bird! It's no' me, but you, should do sic wark. Ye're a man and a sodger, and it was you taught him, and got us into this trouble." "Sae be't!" said the Sergeant. "I've done mair bluidy jobs in my day, and needna fear tae spill, for the sake o' peace, the wee drap bluid o' the puir hairmless thing. What way wad ye like it kilt?" "Ye should ken best yersel', gudeman; killin' is no woman's wark," said Katie, in a low voice, as she turned her head away and

looked at the wall. "Aweel then, since ye leave it to me," replied Adam, "I'll gie him a sodger's death. It's the maist honourable, and the bit mannie deserves a' honour frae our hands, for he has done his duty pleasantly, in fair and foul, in simmer and winter, to us baith, and tae—Never heed—I'll shoot him at dawn o' day, afore he begins whistlin' for his breakfast; and he'll be buried decently. You and Mr. Porteous will no' be bothered wi' him lang. Sae as that's settled and determined, we may gang to the kirk wi' a guid conscience." Adam rose, as if to enter his bedroom. "What's your hurry, Adam?" asked Katie, in a half-peevish tone of voice. "Sit doon and let a body speak." The Sergeant resumed his seat. "I'm jist thinking," said Katie, "that ye'll maybe no' get onybody to gie ye a gun for sic a cruel job; and if ye did, the noise sae early in the morning wad frighten folk, and mak' an awfu' clash amang neebours, and luik dreadfu' daft in an elder." "Jock Hall has a gun I could get. But noo that I think o't, Jock himsel' will do the job, for he's fit for onything, and up tae everything except what's guid. I'll send him Charlie and the cage in the morning, afore ye rise; sae keep your mind easy," said the Sergeant, carelessly. "I wadna trust Charlie into Jock Hall's power—the cruel ne'er-do-weel that he is! Na, na; whatever has to be done maun be done decently by yoursel', gudeman," protested Katie. "Ye said, gudewife, to Mr. Porteous," replied Adam, "that ye kent I wad do onything to please him and to gie satisfaction for this misfortun', as ye ca'd it; and sin' you and him agree that the bird is to be kilt, I suppose I maun kill him to please ye baith; I see but ae way left o' finishing him." "What way is that?" asked Katie. "To thrash his bit neck." "Doonricht cruelty," suggested Katie, "to thrash the neck o' a wee thing like that! Fie on ye, gudeman! Ye're no' like yersel' the day." "It's the only way left, unless we burn him; so I'll no' argue mair about it. There's nae use o' pitting 't aff ony longer; the better day, the better deed. Sae here goes! It will be a' ower wi' him in a minute; and syne ye'll get peace—" The Sergeant rose and placed the cage on a table near the window where the bird was accustomed to be fed. Charlie, in expectation of receiving food, was in a high state of excitement, and seemed anxious to please his master by repeating all his lessons as rapidly and correctly as possible. The Sergeant rolled up his white shirt-sleeves, to keep them from being soiled by the work in which he was about to be engaged. Being thus prepared, he opened the door of the cage, thrust in his hand, and seized the bird, saying—"Bid farewell to yer mistress, my wee Charlie." Katie sprang from her chair, and with a loud voice commanded the Sergeant to "hand his han' and let the bird alane!" "What's wrang?" asked the Sergeant, as he shut the door of the cage and went towards his wife, who again sank back in her chair, and covered her eyes with her pocket-handkerchief. "Oh, Adam!" she said, "I'm a waik, waik woman. My nerves are a' gane; my head and heart are baith sair. A kind o' glamour, a temptation has come ower me, and I dinna ken what's richt or what's wrang. I wuss I may be forgie'n if I'm wrang, for the heart I ken is deceitfu' aboon a' things and desperately wicked:—but, richt or wrang, neither by you nor by ony ither body can I let that bird be kilt! I canna thole't! for I just thoct o' enoo that I seed plainly afore me our ain wee bairn that's awa'—an' oh Adam!—" Katie burst into a fit of weeping, and could say no more. The Sergeant hung up the cage in its old place; then going to his wife, he gently clasped her shoulder, and, bending over her, whispered in her ear, "Dinna ye fear, Katie, aboot Charlie's bairn!"

The Sergeant falls into the most alarming troubles through this refusal. He is summoned before the Kirk Session; he is suspended from the eldership; his neighbours shun him; and this social banishment begins to tell upon his mind. Improbable as the story may appear to those who know nothing of church "discipline" in Scotch villages, we are convinced that, if not true, it might have been true; and that the events narrated by the Doctor with so much minuteness and fidelity—being, as they are, chiefly psychological developments—are natural and possible in every degree. The successive stages of mental estrangement and opposition through which the minister passes are admirably described, as well as the religious indignation, the pious horror, the secular envy, and secret hatred of certain members of the Kirk Session. Sergeant Mercer and his wife become the Pariahs of Drumsyrie, their only society being that of a little girl, whom they have adopted. This little girl has had no religious training; and in the course of his teaching her, the Sergeant and she enter upon this quaint little conversation:—

"But, Mary dear, wad ye trust God as weel as me?"  
 "No!" said Mary, very decidedly.  
 "What for no?" asked the Sergeant, kindly.  
 "I'm awfu' frightened for him," said Mary.  
 "Why are ye frightened for him?" asked Adam.  
 "Mary seemed to be counting the buttons on his coat."  
 "Tell me, bairn!" he continued.  
 "Because," said Mary, sorrowfully, yet encouraged by his tone, "Mrs. Craigie aye telt me He wad sen' me to the bad place; and when I got my fit burned she said that I wad be a' burnt thegither some day, as I was a bad lassie; and I'm sure I wasna' doing her ony ill to mak' her say that."  
 "God will never," remarked the Sergeant, reverently, "send ye to the bad place, unless ye gang yersel'."  
 "I'll never do that!" exclaimed Mary.  
 "I hope no, my lassie," said Adam.

In his period of proscription, Mercer is visited by a ne'er-do-well, called Jock Hall, who is decidedly the most original and best-drawn character in the book. Jock is a sort of half-tramp, half-poacher, who lives nowhere in particular, and whose life has been one of the hardest and bitterest. Out of gratitude to Adam Mercer, he makes a secret journey to a friend of the Sergeant's, called Spence, living in another part of the country, in order to acquaint him with Adam's evil fortune, and to see whether a state-

\* The Starling. By Norman Macleod, D.D. Two vols. London: Alexander Strahan.



ment of the case being laid before the owner of Castle Bennock, Spence's master, his lordship might not be induced to interfere in the quarrel, and rescue Adam from his present position. Spence, instead, writes the following letter, which is a model of composition, to the elder, who has been most active in persecuting Adam, and who, in former days, was convicted of a flagrant rascality, which Spence agreed to keep secret:—

"John Spence, Senior Keeper, Castle Bennock, to Peter Smellie, Draper, Drumsylie.

"You are a skoondrill, and you kno it! But nobody else knos it but my son and me and Serjent Mercer. I wuss you to understan' that he knos all about yon black business o' yours, 20 year back. This comes to let you kno that unless you leve him alone, and don't molest him, I will send you to Botany Bay, as you deserve. Meddle not with the Sergeant, or it will be to your cost. Attend to this hint. I will have you weel watched. You are in Mr. Mercer's power. Bewar!

"Your servt."

"JOHN SPENCE."

Before leaving, the vagrant who had come upon this charitable mission is taken by the keeper's son to see the rooms of Castle Bennock, the latter fancying that his lordship had gone from home for the day. While they are inspecting the wonderful glories of the drawing-room, lo! his lordship appears. The scene which follows is highly humorous. The keeper's son explains that this is a distant acquaintance of an acquaintance whom he has brought to see the house; and his lordship turns good-naturedly to Jock himself:—

"Addressing Jock, he said, 'Never here before, I suppose?'

"Jock drew himself up, placed his hands along his sides, heels in, toes out, and gave the military salute.

"'Been in the army? In what regiment? Have you seen service?'

"'Yes, sir—yes, my lord,' replied Jock; 'as yer honour says, I ha'e seen service.'

"This was information to Spence, who breathed more freely on hearing such unexpected evidence of Jock's respectability.

"'Where?' inquired his lordship, seating himself on one of the lobby chairs, and folding his arms.

"'In the berrick-yaird o' Stirlin', yer honour,' replied Jock; 'but in what regiment I dinna mind. It was a first, second, or third something or anither; but I hae clean forgotten the name and number.'

"'The barrack-yard?' said his lordship, laughing; 'pray how long did you serve his Majesty in that severe campaign?'

"'About a fortnicht,' said Jock.

"'What!' exclaimed his lordship; 'a fortnicht only? And what after that?'

"'I ran aff as fast as I could,' said Jock; 'and never ran faster a' my days, till I reached Drumsylie.'

"Hugh turned his back as if also to run away, with sundry half-muttered exclamations of horror and alarm. His lordship burst into a fit of laughter, and said—'On my honour, you're a candid fellow!' But he evidently assumed that Jock was probably a half-witted character, who did not comprehend the full meaning of his admission. He was confirmed in his supposition by Jock going on to give a history of his military life in the most easy and simple fashion,—

"'I listed when I was fou'; and though I had nae objections at any time to fire a gun at a bird or a Frenchman, or tae fecht them that wad fecht me, yet the sodgers at Stirlin' made a fule o' me, and keepit me walkin' and trampin' back and forrid for twa weeks in the yaird, as if they were breakin' a horse; and I could dae naething, neither fish, nor e'en shoot craws, wi'oot the leave o' an ill-tongued corporal. I couldna thole that, could I? It wasna in the bargain, and sae I left, and they didna think it worth their while to speer after me.'

"'Egad!' said his lordship, laughing, 'I dare say not, I dare say not! Do you know what they might have done to you if they had caught you, my man?' asked his lordship.

"'Shot me, I expec,' said Jock; 'but I wasna worth the pooder; and, tae tell the truth, I wad raither be shot like a gled for harrin' a pairrick's nest, than be kept a' my days like a gowk in a cage o' a berricks at Stirlin'! But I didna heed atweel whether they shot me or no,' added Jock, looking round him, and stroking his chin as if in a half dream.

"'The black dog tak' ye!' said Spence, who lost his temper. 'My lord, I declare—'

"'Never mind, Spence, never mind; let him speak to me; and go you to the servants' hall until I send for you.'

"Spence bowed and retired, thankful to be released from his present agony. His lordship, who had a passion for characters which the keeper could not comprehend, gave a sign to Jock to remain, and then went on with the following catechism.

"'What did your parents do?'

"'Little guid and mickle ill.'

"'Were you at school?'

"'No' that I mind o'.'

"'How have you lived?'

"'Guid kens!'

"'What have you been?'

"'A ne'er-do-weel—a kin o' cheat-the-widdie. Sae folk tell me, and I suppose they're richt.'

"'Are you married?'

"'That's no a bad aye, efter a'!' said Jock, with a quiet laugh, turning his head away.

"'A bad what?' asked his lordship, perplexed by the reply.

"'I jist thoct,' said Jock, 'yer honour was jokin', to think that ony wumman wud marry me! He! he! Lassies wad be cheaper than cast-awa shoon afore ony o' them wad tak Jock Ha'—unless,' he added, in a lower tone, with a laugh, 'ane like Luckie Craigie. But yer lordship 'ill no' ken her, I see warrant?'

"'I have not that honour,' said his lordship, with a smile. 'But I must admit that you don't give yourself a good character, anyhow.'

"'I hae nane to gie,' said Jock, with the same impassable look.

"'On my word,' added his lordship, 'I think you're honest!'

"'It's mair,' said Jock, 'than onybody else thinks. But if I had wark, I'm no' sure but I wad be honest.'"

In the end his lordship gives Jock a suit of cast-off clothes, promises to procure work for him, and Jock returns to Drumsylie no longer a vagrant but a man of consequence. Meanwhile, Adam Mercer has fallen ill; his sickness takes the form of typhoid fever; and his life is despaired of. In his delirium he raves of the one subject which has been for so long a time harassing his mind—his quarrel with his minister. At length the minister feels it his duty to visit the dying man; his heart is softened to him; he calls upon the members of the Kirk-Session, who are now anxious to be reconciled to their erring brother; Mercer is reinstated in his office of eldership; and finally gets better to find that he has regained the respect of his neighbours, who are willing that the starling should live. And who would shorten the life of a bird that was the means of converting a whole Kirk-Session?—for such we take to be the moral of the story. It is, indeed, a charming little tale, despite its occasional limpness and prolixity; and we trust the doctor will continue his studies of Scotch character.

#### THE FAMILY.\*

WE have here a volume purporting to set forth the exact relations that should subsist amongst the connections of a family. In order that there shall be no mistake as to his meaning of the word family, the Count de Gasparin has defined it as consisting "of two beings united by an indissoluble tie, and loving each other with that love, unique in this world, in which all is passion, respect, purity; children reared in the school of tenderness, obedience, and duty; sometimes a grandmother or grandfather, revered vestige of the old family that has sought a refuge in the new; perhaps some old family servants, aware that they are such." This perhaps, considering the nature of the theory that is to be defined, is about as good a definition as can be made. The Count de Gasparin's book is conceived in a very Christian spirit; but it is rather the Christianity of a dreamer than that of a practical philosopher. He may believe that the intercourse between one branch of families and another, and that a general alliance and unanimity of feeling amongst the whole, cannot but prove highly conducive to the happiness of everybody. Viewing the matter from his point of view, perhaps it is; but, unfortunately, the theoretical talker has a hard opponent to combat in the experienced reasoner, and it may be safely said that there are very few who have not found out that domestic happiness consists far more frequently in exclusion than in combination; in keeping a good many relatives out—not by letting them in. The mistake of almost all would-be reformers is to take theoretical and dreamy views of things that in reality admit only of hard practical measures. "There is a good deal of human nature in man," said Sam Slick; and so there is in everything that he does. It is an obvious certainty, and a certainty that it is vain to hope to defeat, that families who do not like each other will not mingle. No amount of Christian indoctrination can make a husband respect or like a meddling, inquisitive, impertinent mother-in-law. It is very pretty no doubt for the Count de Gasparin to draw a picture of a happy family; but we should like to know what manner of people are his prototypes; or presuming him to be drawing upon his imagination, how he can hope to instruct us by setting before us the "faultless monsters that the world ne'er saw;" creations in which the absence of the genuine element of human nature is conspicuous—in which it is impossible to see oneself reflected—and the felicity suggested by which no one would seek to attain, convinced of its being unattainable.

In his reveries, however—such we hold them to be—our author frequently indulges in a strain of sentiment which is none the less pleasant to read because it appeals so exclusively to the emotional side of our nature with such a calm disregard for those experiences of life which caution men to beware of the picture too poetically coloured. Here is a specimen of one of these reveries, which we select from the chapter called "Husband and Wife":—

"It is not in this work that I purpose entering upon the history of marriage, and of family life, but their inseparable and identical destinies have struck me so forcibly, that I could not refrain from alluding at the outset to the result of an elaborate study. This is, then, why I shall insist upon the marriage tie; what it is the family is. We should in vain discuss later on the duties of the family, if we did not begin by contemplating its constitution. It is the first step that tells in everything, and in this it is decisive. And have we not within us an instinct that tells us all that this is so? What young man in his golden dreams has not figured to himself marriage as his ideal? There is a period, I know, when, too often perverted by the silly stale traditions of a certain world, we take up with other ideas; when we become sceptical, ironical, defiant; when conjugal love appears beneath us, and we look down upon the felicities of the fireside; but—and I appeal to all who retain the recollection of their first early aspirations—did we not begin by staking our best chances of happiness upon marriage?

"And we were not mistaken; or rather, we did not then know how profoundly we were in the right. Such a marriage, such a family; such a family, such a life; this is true at least nine times out of ten. From marriage, if it be sound, will arise good far greater than we could have believed; from marriage, if it be hollow, the evil will be

\* The Family: Its Duties, Joys, and Sorrows. By Count A. de Gasparin. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.



no less great. And is it not solemn to begin existence afresh thus definitely together? to found a family together? There will be struggles; shall we strengthen each other? There will be trials and joys; shall we share them? Shall we encourage each other in the ways of duty; in the struggles against evil; in that progressive education which is the programme of all human life on earth? Shall we become better? Will true joys be found in our dwelling? Important questions which must be answered, which will be answerable if propounded in their true terms."

But this obvious eloquence of questioning finds no answer. "For how are those questions propounded?" cries the Count. He would inquire how marriages are contracted; and he finds that they are contracted with a levity, a cruelty, and a folly perfectly frightful. There is a little too much of the Utopian in all this. He exclaims—"We cry out against marriages for position, against marriages for money, and yet we go and do the very same thing ourselves." This is easily understood: there are numbers of persons in this world—and they are the wise of their generation—who are fond of balancing their emotions against their interests, and giving it in favour of their interests. In truth, they find that the game of Paul and Virginia is not to be played always; that love has its period, and that want or ambition has none; and, moreover, these are the persons who are found to agree with Dr. Johnson when he said—"I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter." Of course, this is a very horrible degradation of the "exalted passion"—a view that strips it of its romance in a manner that ought by rights to admit of no excuse. But it will not do to consider a practical question dreamily; and if the Count de Gasparin is anxious to restore to love all its native dignity, he should take a more practical view of the matter, and argue in a manner that shall not so wholly appeal to our emotions as to leave no room for the decision of our judgment.

The Count lays down a number of rules for the proper regulation of the conduct of husbands and wives towards each other. How often has this been done before, and with what effect? We agree with him in the necessity of systematizing the duties of parents towards their children. But how does he hope to regulate or direct by rules the delicate operations of the human feelings—those sudden impulses of love and gentleness, those tendernesses unapparent to all but to those for whom they are intended, which form the real and only basis of happiness between man and wife. Rules may be useful in directing the wife to be careful in sweetening her husband's tea or having his slippers ready for him when he comes home. They may suggest a few useful hints to the man, which may be, perhaps, of service in securing happiness. But a conformation to the ablest code of matrimonial rules that the Count de Gasparin could possibly conceive will never succeed in provoking half of the affection that is to be won by a single unpremeditated action—by the one word, the one look, the one expression that springs from an impulse of love owing nothing to suggestion. The reverie called "The Ideal" is worth transcribing in part:—

"Thank God, true family life exists and protests against its counterfeit. It owns an ideal, it has a poetry of its own; and this is a subject that would merit a volume, instead of these few passing lines. If Plato, himself a poet, banished poets from his republic, he did so consistently with his hatred of family life. With all its violated relations with conscience, purity, liberty, individuality, immolated to communism, and the State enthroned in solitary grandeur on the ruins of our love and dignity, a poet would indeed be out of place. What would be his themes? Who would understand him? and if he were understood, would any chords in the prose of socialism vibrate to his lyre? Yes, they would, by awakening in the soul those instincts that had been suppressed. Plato did well to banish poets from his republic. Let us therefore jealously protect the poetry of home life. Woe to those who do not look upwards! high hopes are the secrets of powerful and victorious souls. Let us not stoop to the level of facts, but seek to raise facts to the level of principles."

"Let us not stoop to the level of facts!" Here we have the moral of the whole work. It is a book, however, that may be placed, and with profit, in the hands of young people. It will serve to brighten the lines of life with which the future is always streaked in the eyes of youth; and who would not commend such works? for is there any need to communicate to the bitterness of life the anticipation of that bitterness?

#### THE ROMANCE OF CHARITY.\*

WE have here an account of some charitable Protestant institutions on the Continent, principally in Germany, France, and Holland, whose foundation and prosperity are a wonderful proof of what a single individual may accomplish by earnestness and fixity of purpose. The efforts of the men who have founded the thirteen institutions of which Mr. Liefde writes, have been mainly inspired by the necessities of their fellow creatures, and the history of one will serve as a fair example of the histories of all. The Rauhe Haus, at Horn, near Hamburg, which stands first upon the list, owes its success to Dr. Wichern, who is still its Director, and who commenced his work thirty-five years ago, when he was a young Candidat (a theological student who has passed his examination

and is licensed to take orders) without influence or capital beyond his zeal. In the course of his labours as a Sunday-school teacher and a visitor of the poor, he had become acquainted with the corruption that pervaded all classes of society, the lower especially, and he was convinced that the evil was one with which neither State nor Church, nor anything but free Christian charity could cope with successfully. He knew that Rettungshäuser, that is, houses of refuge and redemption for abandoned and neglected children, had been established at Beuggen and at Overdyk, and he resolved to give himself no rest till he had established a similar institution in the neighbourhood of Hamburg. He enlisted the sympathies of some friends in the cause, which prospered so well that before a year was over a small house was obtained, into which he and his mother moved, intending to undertake the personal charge of the children they proposed to rescue from the streets. Before the close of 1833 they declared the house as full as it could hold, and they began the following year with twelve boys, who presented as unpromising material as the stoutest-hearted philanthropist could wish to have to work upon.

"This was the first family. Wichern slept with them in the same bed-room, and took his meals with them in the same parlour. It was not exactly the most agreeable company one could wish for one's pleasure. Eight of them were illegitimate; four were brought up by drunken and criminal parents; one lad was known to the police for ninety-two thefts; one had escaped from prison. They were a lot of young savages, accustomed to live upon robbery, to amuse themselves with hazardous enterprises behind the policeman's back, to sleep under a bridge or on a staircase, to curse their fathers in return for parental curses, and to beat their mothers when scolded for coming home with empty hands. But Wichern and his mother were but too happy to have them. Here was something for which to pray and to suffer, to wrestle and to toil. And what could love more delight in, provided there were some likelihood of saving a few? Certainly it was an arduous task for the young man, who never had such work in hand before. But what he lacked in experience was made up by his kind mother's wisdom. And true genuine love certainly imparts a wonderful talent for the work of training. The problem which was to be grappled with was, how to win the confidence of young liars and thieves who distrusted everybody; how to make obedience a pleasure to young rascals who are resolved to obey nobody; and how to reconcile with an orderly and decent life young vagabonds who claimed the liberty of turning day into night, of running half-naked about the streets, and of dining off potato-skins and other offal, with a pudding of tallow, such as is used for greasing shoes, by way of additional dainty."

Dr. Wichern had determined on adopting the family system, which was afterwards so successful at the French and Dutch Mettrays. Instead of enlarging the little house to provide for new comers, his plan was to build a new house; and thus in the course of years several family-houses were successively built, till there are now as many as twelve inhabited by boys or girls, the former of whom are taught trades, while the latter are trained as servants, washerwomen, cooks, and seamstresses. Of the family system on which the institution is worked, Mr. Liefde gives an account which may be read with profit. The members of each family of boys elect a Friedensknabe, or "Boy of Peace," to be their leader, arbiter, and counsellor in the emergencies of their daily life. Over him is a brother, who is the house-father, and over him again a Candidat for Theology, who forms the link between the family and Dr. Wichern. Of the working of this system Mr. Liefde speaks in the highest praise:—

"The Brothers who superintend and teach the children live with them, not as officers live with their soldiers in the barracks, nor even as teachers and governors live with their pupils at the boarding-school, but really as elder brothers, as members of one family; and when at work with them they do not stand by in the attitude of overseers or instructors, but join as fellow-labourers, who have one common task in hand. This family feeling would be impossible were not everything carefully avoided that could suggest artificial association—such as all the members being of the same trade or of the same age. Nature is followed as much as possible in the constitution of a family. All trades, all ages, and all characters are represented in each. When a child comes to the establishment it is not registered with a family until after it has been duly tried and examined at the novitiate-house, where it is kept till its nature and character are ascertained. The elder children have always some younger ones about them who need their help and indulgence. The younger children, on the other hand, always see some elder ones near them, whom they have to thank for kindness, or to rely upon for direction. This engenders a feeling of cordial attachment. Each household is characterized by a family spirit peculiar to itself; and this causes a commendable ambition to keep up the family honour and reputation. Nothing is more dreaded by a family than to see one of its members censured for laziness or bad conduct in the weekly report, which is read in the presence of all the inmates of the establishment. So every one of the twelve is taught to feel an interest in maintaining the rules and regulations of his family, however multifarious these may be, and however cumbrous they may seem to those who stand outside. Such a thing as clannishness, however, is kept out with might and main, sufficient provision being made for the mingling of the families as one community. At school the children are classed according to their ages and capacities; in the fields and the workshops according to their trades. The family union there completely disappears; but no sooner does the bell ring for meals than it is formed again, each one, arranged in military file, marching to its own house, to enjoy for an hour the benefits and comforts of a happy home."

Having provided for the children, Dr. Wichern conceived the idea of forming a society, called "The Brethren of the Rauhe

\* The Romance of Charity. By John de Liefde. London: Strahan.



Haus," consisting of young men of the artisan and teacher class, who were invited to live with the children for two or three years, and to become their friends, leaders, and teachers. Accommodation was made for six or seven of them in each family, and one of them was to act as we have said towards the younger members of the household as house-father. The object was to bring together a number of young men who, seeing the work of the establishment, and being themselves trained in it while teaching the children their trades, might afterwards be employed as agents of the Inner Mission—an institution intended to cover Protestant Germany with a network of missionary stations to counteract infidelity and immorality. In the twenty-five years between 1836-61, as many as 212 Brothers have been distributed over Prussia, Hamburg, Bremen, Saxony, and other States, as assistants and house-fathers in reformatories or orphanages, teachers in schools and prisons, preachers, &c. There is something of the monastic character in the institution of the brotherhood, and Mr. Liefde frankly admits this in some respects, while repudiating it in others. What follows is very monastic indeed:—

"Dr. Wichern and his committee exact from the Brethren such abject submission as even an abbot would scarcely require from his monks. They are not only the leading men of the Brotherhood, but they are also its autocratic directors. A young man who enters the House as a Brother, learns from the regulations for admission that he is not to consider the House as a school of training for some future optional occupation in the sphere of missions, but as the centre of a great work, into the service of which he is taken from the moment he puts his foot on the threshold. There are young men who stay for one or two years in the House merely to learn missionary duties, and then leave it to choose their own field of labour; but such young men are only *guests*—they are not members of the Brotherhood. A Brother is a person who is supposed to have resigned his own will as to choosing his field of labour. Dr. Wichern and his committee choose for him. They may send him out as a schoolmaster, or as a prison officer, or as a hospital nurse. They may send him to the banks of the Vistula, of the Tiber, or of the Mississippi. But in whatever capacity, or to whatever quarter of the globe they may send him, he has no voice in the matter. When sent out, he is, as it were, hired out by Dr. Wichern to the party who is to employ him, and all contracts and future arrangements are settled between that party and the Doctor. During the time of his service, he is, of course, entirely under the direction and control of those who employ him. Neither Dr. Wichern nor his committee claim any right whatever of interfering with his work. But he is not at liberty to give up his situation without the permission of the committee; to whom also his employers must give notice if they desire to dismiss him."

We need not touch upon the other institutions whose history Mr. Liefde has written for us. It will be sufficient if we recommend the book to the attention of our readers. There is much in it to interest, and still more to instruct us in knowledge of the highest value, and of which it must be owned we in England stand not a little in need.

#### SCHOOL-BOOKS.\*

THE first on our list of school-books, "Chambers's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language," is evidently a work of some pretension, as we are informed in the preface by the editor that "it is confidently hoped that this dictionary will be found not only eminently suitable for general, educational, and practical purposes, but also peculiarly adapted for assisting in the higher philological study of the English language in advanced classes." The editor, Mr. J. Donald, further informs us that "full advantage has been taken of the labours of Bopp, Pott, Grimm, Curtius, Diez, Donaldson, Max Müller, Latham, Garnett, Trench, Wedgwood, and others, who have investigated the etymology of our language, a study which of late years has made such marked advances." Judging Mr. Donald by the published results of his labours in the work before us, we must confess to a considerable measure of disappointment, after such a display of authorities consulted, and advantages to be presented in "the higher philological study of the English language in advanced classes." Our objections to the work are very simple. It is imperfect, incorrect, and it utterly belies its high pretensions, falling, as it does, behind the present advanced state of etymological knowledge. Its greatest failure, however, lies in the very etymology of which it professes to speak with such authority. In a book of this character a series of random extracts is by no means an unfair test of its excellence or otherwise, because each word is supposed to have been made a single study, and its treatment is supposed to be complete in itself; whereas, in a continuous work of history or argumentation, the relations of the different portions to each other may be so closely interwoven as to be incapable of amputation without doing injury to the general body of the work. We will now apply this random rule to the new Etymological Dictionary before us, in the belief that we are not judging Mr. J. Donald by any unfair standard. Of "ache" we are here told that "it is from 'ach!'

the natural cry of pain." Other etymologists, however, of something more than equal authority, have considered "oh!" to be the natural cry of pain, and not "ach," which, amongst some branches of the Celtic nations, is actually a sound of sudden joy, or triumphant exultation. In this case our author is clearly blind to the interesting fact that in most of the Indo-Germanic languages the root *ac* denotes something *sharp* to sight, sound, or feeling, as in the later words *acies* (sharpness of sight, or *sharp* line of battle), *acutus*, *acerbus*, in the English "ache," and in the Greek *ἄχος*, *αἶχμη*, and the Persian *acinaces* (a *sharp* dagger). "Ceremony" is here defined as "care for what is sacred," and thus derived:—Lat. *cæremonia*, perhaps from *curo* (old form, *cæro*), to care for. Rather, say we, from the old Latin term *cerus*, sacred, and so Wachter writes—"German *her*, sacred, from *ἱερός*, hence Latin *cerus* and *cæremonia*." We may observe *en passant* that the word "deathly" is not given in a work professing "to contain every English word at present in use;" and also that "dazzle" is not the *frequentative* of "daze," as here represented, but that it is the *intensive* form of that verb. We are here told that "Devil" is from the Greek *diaballo*, "to slander" (*dia*, "down," and *ballo*, "to throw.") Such an interpretation of the Greek *διαβάλλω* evinces an extraordinary conception of the nature of the Greek preposition *διά*, which here corresponds best to the Latin *trans*, and so we may compare it with the Latin *traducere* (whence our "traduce"). The preposition *διά* never means "down" in Greek, as Mr. Donald wrongly assumes; and the proper notion of *διαβάλλω* (from which "devil" is derived) is that of a slanderer or traducer by means of another person, or by an *indirect*, sidelong attack, and so one of the Fathers represented the Devil as the false or indirect slanderer of God's providence. The interesting word "Lollard" is here traced to "loll," "to move slowly," or from a low German word, *lollen*, "to sing." This is an old error, historically as well as etymologically. Mr. Morley has clearly apprehended the early use and signification of the word in his "English Writers" (vol. ii.), where he observes, "The part of the sheriff's oath, when he took office, was that he should seek to redress *all errors and heresies*, commonly called *Lollards*." This indicates the early sense of the word, which, though otherwise derived from the Englishman, Walter Lollardus, who is said to have taught in Germany the errors of the Tretobusians and Henricians, and who was burnt in Cologne in 1322, was then commonly supposed to be derived from *lolia*, or *lolla*, "tares." "Nymph," we are told, is from Latin *nympha*, Greek *nymphē* (*sic*), probably from Latin *nubo*, "to veil," from the bride being veiled when led home to the bridegroom. Now, etymologists generally trace a cognate Latin word to the Greek, as the elder of the two languages; but Mr. Donald has reversed this universally recognised rule, and makes the Greek word for "nymph" actually come from the Latin *nubo*, which is nearly allied with it, by virtue of a hinted root. One more example, and we have done with the etymological portion of the work. "Wife" is made to come "probably from root of woman." What this means we do not even profess to understand; but we are much inclined to follow the old Saxon etymology, which connects "wife" with *weib* and *webster*, as the *weaver* of the family garments, while her unmarried daughters were cognately termed the *spinners*, or *spinsters*. It is only due to Mr. Donald to accord him praise for the very clear and able manner in which the definitions and meanings of words are almost invariably rendered. The style in which the work has been put forth by the publishers reflects the greatest credit on that firm.

Of Mr. Simcox's "Juvenal," we can only speak in terms of the highest commendation, as a simple, unpretending work, admirably adapted to the wants of the schoolboy or of a college passman. It is clear, concise, and scrupulously honest in shirking no real difficulty. The pointed epigrammatic hits of the satirist are everywhere well brought out, and the notes really are what they profess to be—explanatory in the best sense of the term. Occasionally, however, we think our editor's interpretation rather far-fetched; as when we find such a comment as the following on v. 110, sat. xiv., "arcano volumine":—"Juvenal may have heard of the Apocrypha (!), or the Rabbinical hypothesis of a secret tradition of Moses's (!) oral teaching; or the proselyte may have been made to wait some time for a sight of the Pentateuch." When, we ask, will our annotators on heathen authors learn to discuss such authors only from a heathen point of view, and not from religious grounds, of which such authors knew nothing, or next to nothing.

We have an excellent and useful work in Dr. Browne's "Civil Service Tests in Arithmetic," which contains specimens of the more difficult questions in the Civil Service Reports, with full solutions. To all who are going up as candidates for such examination we heartily commend this manual, which works out, in a most satisfactory manner, the most difficult questions that have been hitherto set for all such examinations.

Greek is beyond all question a very difficult language, and especially is its difficulty felt in *limine*. On this account no pains should be spared to make its grammar simple, concise, and methodical, with rules easy to learn and easy to remember. Even the best Greek grammar for a beginner is bad according to our conception of what a Greek grammar should comprehend and what it should explain. Wordsworth's Manual is the best we know of, yet its many deficiencies make us long for the time when our public school authorities will do for elementary Greek what they have already done so well for elementary Latin, by giving us a Public School Greek Primer. The "Eton Greek Grammar" before us, edited by Messrs. Wright and Massie, aims at too much, as a simple and successful introduction to the language. We have in it a learned introduction touching the old

\* Chambers's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language. Edited by James Donald. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers.

Juvenalis Satiræ. By G. A. Simcox, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

Civil Service Tests in Arithmetic. By Dr. Browne. London: Stanford.

The Eton Greek Grammar in English. By the Rev. G. W. Wright. A New Edition. By the Rev. John Massie. London: W. Tegg.

A Short German Accidence for the Use of Wellington College. By J. D. Lester, B.A. London: Nutt.

The Ladies' College and School Examiner. By M. A. Johnston. London: Longmans.



Phœnician and Cadmian characters; a Prosody, with an account of poetic licenses and figures; and a table of dialects. The treatment of the declensions, the prepositions, and the verbs, all of prime importance to one beginning Greek,—are all after the old style, and want that simplicity and symmetry of arrangement which the advances of modern scholarship have superinduced. We recommend the editors of this "Eton Greek Grammar" to betake themselves at once to the study of Dr. Jelf and Dr. Donaldson, and to the excellent work of Dr. Curtius, of Leipzig, which Dr. Smith has so ably edited.

Mr. Lester's "School German Accidence" bears the mark of an able and painstaking hand, and appears admirably adapted to the use of all who are beginning, for the first time, to study the German language.

We have little doubt as to the usefulness of "The Ladies' College and School Examiner." Its subjects for themes are well selected, and its six hundred questions range over a very extended course, including literature, ancient and modern history, geography, biography, mythology, and natural philosophy. The arrangement is admirable and clear, and the form in which the questions are put is such as to conduce to honest thought, and a careful reconsideration of the different subjects taught. We have nothing here of the hackneyed style of Mangnall's questions, and we have grounds for believing that this Examiner will prove as useful to a large body of teachers as to pupils themselves.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

WE learn with much regret that death, last Saturday night, terminated the labours of Mr. Frederick Guest Tomlins, for many years connected with the London press, and the author of several works. It is one of the most painful duties of the journalist to be compelled from time to time to record the demise of those with whom he has been familiar in the pursuit of a common profession; and this is peculiarly so in the case of Mr. Tomlins, from the recollection of his agreeable and lively manners. He was in his sixty-fourth year, and his last illness was very short—so short that it is only a month ago since he addressed to the *Daily News* a letter with reference to Mr. Hollingshead's article on dramatic criticism in the first number of the *Broadway*. Mr. Tomlins was himself a dramatic critic, having been long connected in that capacity with the *Morning Advertiser* and other papers. It was he who led the opposition, two years ago, to the objectionable liberality of the prison scene at the Princess's Theatre in Mr. Charles Reade's drama, "It is Never Too Late to Mend," and his vigorous protest caused an alteration in the arrangement of the scene. His acquaintance with the old dramatic literature of England was very great, and was evinced in several of his writings; but his literary work was not confined to theatrical criticism, for he was a sturdy politician as well, and one of the most doughty upholders of Radical opinions. He was closely associated with Douglas Jerrold in the production of the weekly newspaper called after the name of that witty essayist, and was afterwards connected with the *Leader*, which he converted into a political and literary review. In early life Mr. Tomlins filled a post in the publishing-house of Messrs. Whittaker & Co.; he was for many years secretary to the Shakespeare Society, and at the time of his death held the clerkship of the Paper Stainers' Company, Little Trinity-lane—an office which members of his family had discharged for more than a century. His last words had reference to the calling with which he had been so long associated. Waking from a doze, he exclaimed, "They are all on the wrong side of the stage!" and was shortly afterwards no more.

Mr. J. Campbell Nugent writes to a daily contemporary to call attention to the fact that the summer-house at Olney, in which Cowper studied and wrote, and in which it is believed he composed "The Task," is fast going to decay and ruin. "The summer-house, together with the garden in which it is situate, is held upon lease by Mr. Osborn, a baker and confectioner, of Olney, who has gone to some expense in improving the surrounding property, but whose means are inadequate to the placing of the relic in a proper state of repair. It has been entirely overlooked by the Throckmorton family, who have attended only to those spots associated with the memory of Cowper, which are situated upon their estate near Weston." About £40 would set the summer-house in complete repair, and we agree with Mr. Nugent in thinking that for such a trifle we ought not to lose a relic of so much interest to the literary world.

Hoaxes are becoming unpleasantly common in the literary world. The *Pall Mall Gazette* published last week, as we mentioned in our "Gossip," a letter from Miss Braddon, offering to return their money to those readers of *Belgravia* who were dissatisfied with the novel of "Circe" published in that Magazine, and which the *Pall Mall* charged with being translated without acknowledgment from a French play. We intimated at the time that this note was a forgery, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* has since printed a genuine letter from Miss Braddon, denouncing it as such.

The *Leader*, a new weekly paper, price twopence, made its first appearance this week. It is printed on toned paper and in clear type. There are two editions to be published with each number—one for Liverpool, and the other for more general and metropolitan circulation. The *Leader* contains articles on politics (Liberal), social essays, dramatic and musical criticism, reviews, and a story by Mr. E. Yates. The first number is sensible and clever; and, considering the difficulties of putting anything interesting into a paper at this season, the *Leader* may be congratulated on its debut. Liverpool ought to support a high class weekly paper, and the *Leader* is likely to be a soundly-qualified candidate for that position.

The first volume of *Cassell's Magazine* is before us. It forms a handsome quarto of 480 pages, on toned paper, and is a most amusing miscellany of excellent fiction, well-written essays, and occasional poetry, by some of the best writers of the day. The illus-

trations are ninety-six in number, and some are very good. At five shillings, such a volume is singularly cheap, and we anticipate for it a large sale over and above that of the weekly numbers and monthly parts.

We have received the new Magazine, *St. Pauls*, edited by Mr. Anthony Trollope and published by Virtue & Co. In a prefatory article Mr. Trollope goes into an explanation of the system under which he intends to work, and which, if carried out as thoroughly and as clearly as he proposes, ought to bring *St. Pauls* to a high position. He takes for his motto, "Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci," and he indicates that *St. Pauls* does not intend to eschew politics, and will not make itself the close borough of a literary clique. The Magazine opens with a paper on "The Leap in the Dark." The next contribution consists of the first instalment of a novel, which the editor guarantees to be interesting. The four succeeding articles deal with Trades' Unions, the Tarf, Sovereignty, and Taste. *St. Pauls* concludes with four chapters of "Phineas Finn, the Irish Member," by Mr. Trollope, which promises well. There is one illustration by Mr. Millais, exquisite in drawing and sentiment.

Another correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* transfers the credit of having anticipated Newton in the discovery of the centre of gravity from Shakespeare to Dante. He quotes the following passage from Mr. Wright's translation of the great Florentine:—

"Thou dost imagine we are still  
On the other side the central point, where I  
Clasp'd the earth-piercing worm, fell cause of ill.  
So far as I continued to descend,  
That side we kept; but when I turn'd, then we  
Had pass'd the point to which all bodies tend."

*Inferno*, Cant. 34, 106—111.

The special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at the German watering-places makes a most delicious Malapropism. He writes:—"In a fortnight the Kursaal will be shut up, as well as most of the hotels, and Ems will be as silent as the catacombs. I shall not linger here to write its *epithalamium*."

We rejoice to hear that Lord Brougham has improved in health since his return to Brougham Hall. "He is in the enjoyment of better health," says the *Carlisle Patriot*, "than was his lot while in Cannes or in London. Those who saw his lordship about a month ago, after his fatiguing journey from London, are struck with the marked improvement. His lordship daily takes carriage drives in the neighbourhood of Penrith. He still employs himself with his pen."

It has now been ascertained, almost beyond a doubt, that Mr. Huth's (formerly Mr. Daniel's) volume of Ballads from the Helmingham Library has been stolen. The names of the thief and of his agents are known, and it is to be hoped they will be brought to a strict account.

It is announced that the "Christmas" number of *Once a Week* will appear on the 1st of November! This fashion of publishing periodicals a long time before their date is being carried to a most absurd extent. By-and-by we shall be reading our Christmas numbers under the shade of trees at midsummer.

The library and offices of the Royal Archaeological Institute have been removed to 16, New Burlington-street, where the monthly meeting will henceforth be held.

The late Mr. H. Crabb Robinson, the contemporary and friend of Lamb, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and others of that famous company, left behind him at his death, a few months ago, a diary, which it is said will shortly be published, and which may be expected to abound in humorous and witty anecdotes of his literary friends.

Professor Morley is about to edit a new edition of the "Spectator," to be published at a moderate price by the Messrs. ROUTLEDGE. The essays will be compared with the original edition in numbers, and with more recent editions, in which several divergences have been traced; and the spelling and typographical arrangements of the days of Anne will be restored. We shall be glad to see this edition, of which we augur well.

An International Celtic Congress, for the discussion of questions bearing on the history, literature, art, legislation, religion, and social life of the Celts, is to be opened at St. Brieuc, in France, on the 13th of October.

Mr. Cyrus Redding is about to publish, at Messrs. SAUNDERS & OTLEY'S, his "Personal Reminiscences of Eminent Men," in 3 vols., post 8vo.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN'S list of forthcoming publications includes, "Silcote of Silcotes," by Henry Kingsley, reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Chevalier Monte, the editor of the official journal of Rome, who recently died of cholera, is succeeded in the post by Father Stefano Ciccolina.

MESSRS. HOULSTON & WRIGHT will publish immediately "Songs for the People," by the Rev. Allan Brodrick, Vicar of Bramshaw, with a preface by the Lord Bishop of Oxford, and illuminated title, &c.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETER, & GALPIN, announce the complete English edition of the *Doré Bible*, with 238 full-page engravings.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH & FARRAN will shortly publish "Lady Bountiful's Legacy," edited by John Timbs; "The Book of Cats, a Chit-chat Chronicle of Feline Facts and Fancies," by C. H. Ross, with twenty illustrations by the author; "Upside Down: a Series of Amusing Subjects from Sketches by the late W. McConnell," letterpress by Thomas Hood; "The Attractive Picture Book: a New Gift from the Old Corner," the illustrations by various eminent artists; "Castles and their Heroes," by Barbara Hutton; "The Children's Pic-nic and what came of it," by E. Marryat Norris; "The Bear King, a Narrative confided to the Marines," by James Greenwood, illustrated by Grisct; "The Little Child's Fable Book," with sixteen page illustrations; "Gerald and Harry, or the Boys in the North," by Emilia Marryat Norris, illustrated by Zwecker; "Cousin Trix and her Welcome Stories," by Georgiana Craik; "The Young Vocalist," by Mrs. Bartholomew; "His Name was Hero," by the author of "The Four Seasons," &c.



## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Andrews (Rev. S. J.), *The Bible Student's Life of Our Lord*. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Baker (B. B.), *Long-Span Railway Bridges*. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Boswell (J.), *Life of Dr. Johnson*. Edited by E. Malone. New edit. Royal 8vo., 5s.  
 Box (Thomas), *Practical Hydraulics*. Fcap., 4s.  
 Brief Discourse (A) on Wine. Cr. 8vo., 1s.  
 Brodrick (Rev. A.), *Songs for the People*. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Buckland (A. J.), *Noble Rivers, and Stories Concerning Them*. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Calendar of State Papers—Reign of Charles I., 1636-7. Edited by J. Bruce. Royal 8vo., 15s.  
 Cassell's Family Bible. Toned Paper Edition. Royal 4to., £2. 10s.  
 Children's Hour Annual (The). 2nd series. Fcap., 5s.  
 Clere (Mrs.), *The Apostles of Jesus*. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Comedy (The) of Convocation in the English Church. Edited by Archdeacon Chausuble. 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
 Corbet (R. St. J.), *Sir Harry and the Widows*. Fcap., 1s.  
 Dumas (A.), *The Black Tulip*. Cheap edit. Fcap., 1s.  
 De Gasparin (Count), *The Family: its Duties, Joys, and Sorrows*. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Dickens (C.), *The Old Curiosity Shop*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s.  
 Do Well and Doubt Not: a Novel. 3 vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Fitzgerald (P.), *Never Forgotten*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
 Fouque (Baron), *Undine, and other Tales*. Translated by F. E. Burnett. 16mo., 2s.  
 Frost (Rev. P.), *Eclogæ Latinæ*. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Glasgow Infant School Magazine (The). 1st series. New edit. 16mo., 3s.  
 Goethe's Faust. Translated by J. Anster. 16mo., 2s.  
 Gray (R.), *Never—For Ever*. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Horace's Works, complete. By the Rev. J. E. Yonge. 8vo., 21s.  
 Odes. Books I. and II. In English Verse. By J. W. Smith. Cr. 4to., 7s. 6d.  
 Johnstone Hunter's Juvenile Books. 16mo., 1s. each:—  
   *The Sangreal*. By M. H.  
   *Jottings from the Diary of the Sun*.  
   *Cockerill the Conjurer*.  
 Johnson's Dictionary Modernized. By A. C. Ewald. 12mo., 1s.  
 Johnston (M. A.), *Ladies' School and College Examiner*. 12mo., 1s. 6d.  
 Juvenal's Satires. With Notes by G. A. Simcox. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Leila Ada, the Jewish Convert. New edit. Fcap., 1s. 6d.  
 Little Tales for Little People. 16mo., 1s. 6d.  
 Melhuish (J.), *Mental Analysis*. 16mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Noble (J.), *Fiscal Legislation, 1842-65*. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Norman (C. F.), *Kindly Words to a Country Flock*. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Page (L.), *Stars of Earth; or, Wild Flowers*. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Paull (Mrs. H. B.), *The Means and the End*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
 Pearsall (J. S.), *on Public Worship*. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s.  
 Railway Library: *Sir Victor's Choice*. By Annie Thomas. Fcap., 2s.  
 Routledge's Every Boy's Annual for 1868. 8vo., 6s.  
 Ryle (Rev. J. C.), *Coming Events and Present Duties*. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Sadler (Rev. M. F.), *The Second Adam and the New Birth*. New edit. Fcap., 4s. 6d.  
 Search (A) for a Secret. By G. A. Henty. 3 vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Select Library of Fiction: *Woodleigh*. By F. W. Robinson. Fcap., 2s.  
 Sir Tristram's Will. By Alice King. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., 31s. 6d.  
 Smyth (Admiral W. H.), *The Sailor's Word Book*. 8vo., 21s.  
 Society of Engineers, *Transactions for 1866*. 8vo., 21s.  
 Thackeray (W. M.), *Denis Duval*. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Walter (Emilie), *What is Free Trade?* Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Webb (Mrs. J. B.), *Julio: a Tale of the Vaudois*. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Wise Sayings. By M. H. 16mo., 1s. 6d.  
 White Rose (The) of Glenmere, and other Tales. Fcap., 3s.  
 Wright (J. C. & H. S.), *Selections of Psalms in Verse*. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Yardley (E.), *Melusine, and other Poems*. Fcap., 5s.

## SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

	£. s. d.
Four Lines and under .....	0 2 0
Each additional Line .....	0 0 8
Whole Column .....	4 0 0
Page .....	7 7 0

Advertisements should be forwarded to the Office, 11, Southampton Street, Strand, not later than 5 o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—EXCURSIONS DAILY.—THE COMING WEEK specially attractive.

MONDAY.—GREAT REFORM FETE.—Balloon Ascents, Athletic Sports, Beni-Zong-Zong Arabs—Grand Display of Fireworks, and Illumination of Fountains—Banquet, &c. &c. Palace Illuminated after the Display.  
 TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY.—Two Performances each day of the marvellous troupe of Beni-Zong-Zong Arabs in their Human Pyramids, Sommersaults, Leaps, &c.  
 MONDAY TO FRIDAY.—No extra charge.—One Shilling.  
 SATURDAY.—Concert and Afternoon Promenade.—Performance of Mendelssohn's "The First Walpurgis Night." Half-a-crown; Guinea Season Tickets free.  
 NOTE.—The Nonpareil Life Raft on view till Wednesday, when it will be removed.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—MONDAY NEXT, after the other varied amusements, a GRAND DISPLAY of FIREWORKS and Illumination of Fountains.

The Display will include a magnificent SET PIECE, appropriate to the occasion, Salvoes of Shells by Mr. Brock and Monsieur Ruggieri of Paris, Girandoles of Rockets, the Comets, and Illumination of Fountains, Cascades of Fire, &c. &c. The Display will commence near Half-past Six. The Palace will be brilliantly illuminated after the Display. Early and late Railway Trains. One Shilling.

## GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—MONTHLY and WEEKLY TICKETS are issued daily at REDUCED FARES to WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE, Dovercourt, Harwich, Aldborough, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, and Hunstanton.

## GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—A DAY at the SEASIDE.—Every Sunday and Monday, SPECIAL EXCURSION TRAIN to WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE and HARWICH, leaving the Bishopsgate Station at 9 a.m. on Sundays, and 8.30 a.m. on Mondays.—Fares, 7s. 6d. first class, 5s. 6d. second, and 3s. third.

## GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—CHEAP EXCURSION to BROXBORNE and RYE HOUSE every Sunday at 10 a.m., and every Monday at 9.30 a.m.—Fares, 3s. 6d. first class, 2s. 6d. second, and 1s. 6d. third. For further particulars see handbills and time-books of the Company.

## ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES, JERMYN STREET, LONDON.

The Seventeenth Session will commence on MONDAY, the 7th OCTOBER. Prospectuses of the Course of Study may be had on application to the Registrar. TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

LECTURES on MINERALOGY and GEOLOGY at KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON, are given on Wednesday and Friday Mornings from 9 to 10. Those on MINERALOGY begin Friday, October the 4th, and terminate at Christmas. Fee £2. 2s. Those on GEOLOGY commence in January and continue till June. A shorter course of Lectures on MINERALOGY and GEOLOGY is delivered on Thursday evenings, from 8 till 9. These begin October the 10th and terminate at Easter. Fee £1. 11s. 6d. Mr. TENNANT accompanies his Students to the Public Museums and to places of Geological interest in the country.  
 R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

## MEDICAL EDUCATION.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, LONDON.—The Addresses on Medical Science and Education, delivered at the School by Professor Owen, Professor Huxley, the Archbishop of York, and Dr. Alderson, President of the College of Physicians, are published with the Prospectus of St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, and may be had on application to ERNEST HART, Esq., Dean of the School.

## ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, WINTER SESSION, 1867.

The INTRODUCTORY LECTURE will be given by Dr. ODLING, F.R.S., on TUESDAY, October 1st, at 5 P.M.

## COLLEGIATE ESTABLISHMENT.

Students can reside within the Hospital Walls, subject to the College Regulations.

Further information may be obtained from Mr. THOMAS SMITH, and Mr. CALLENDER, and at the Museum or Library.

## PHENIX FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LOMBARD STREET and CHARING CROSS, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1782.

## TRUSTEES AND DIRECTORS.

Decimus Burton, Esq. Osgood Hanbury, Jun., Esq.  
 Travers Buxton, Esq. Kirkman D. Hodgson, Esq., M.P.  
 The Hon. James Byng. Sir John Lubbock, Bart.  
 Octavius Edward Coope, Esq. John Dorrien Magens, Esq.  
 John Coope Davis, Esq. Benjamin Shaw, Esq.  
 George Arthur Fuller, Esq. Wm. James Thompson, Esq.  
 Charles Emanuel Goodhart, Esq. Henry Heyman Toulmin, Esq.  
 James Alexander Gordon, Esq. Matthew Whiting, Esq.

## AUDITORS.

John Hodgson, Esq. Peter Martineau, Esq.  
 Joseph Samuel Lescher, Esq.

George William Lovell, Secretary.

John J. Broomfield, Assistant Secretary.

Insurances against Loss by Fire are effected by the PHENIX COMPANY upon every description of Property, in every part of the World, on the most favourable terms.

The promptitude and liberality with which its engagements are always met by this Company are well known, and the importance of its relations with the Public may be estimated from the fact that since its establishment it has paid more than Nine Millions Sterling in discharge of Claims for Losses by Fire.

Insurances with this Company expiring at MICHAELMAS must be renewed within Fifteen Days thereafter, or they will become void.

Receipts are now ready at the principal Offices, Lombard-street and Charing Cross, and with the respective Agents throughout the United Kingdom.

## THE GUARDIAN FIRE and LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1821. No. 11, Lombard-street, London, E.C.  
 REDUCTION OF FIRE INSURANCE DUTY.

Subscribed Capital, Two Millions.

Total Invested Funds upwards of £2,750,000.

Total Income upwards of £320,000.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that FIRE POLICIES which expire at MICHAELMAS must be renewed within Fifteen Days at this Office, or with the Company's Agents throughout the Kingdom, otherwise they become void.

All Insurances now have the benefit of the REDUCED DUTY of 1s. 6d. per cent.

For Prospectus and other information apply to the Company's Agents, or to T. TALLEMACH, Secretary.

## IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, 1, OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17, Pall Mall, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1803.

Subscribed and Invested Capital and Reserve Fund ..... £1,900,000

Insurances due at MICHAELMAS should be renewed within fifteen days therefrom (last day 14th October), or the same will become void.

All Policies are now chargeable at the reduced rate of duty, viz., 1s. 6d. per cent.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

## IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, INSTITUTED 1820.

Eighty per cent. of the Profits divided among the Assured every Fifth Year. Assurances of all kinds, Without Profits, at considerably Reduced Rates. Policies granted at very Low Rates of Premium for the First Five Years. The most Liberal Conditions in respect of Foreign Residence and Travel, Revival of Lapsed Policies, and Surrender Values.

Whole World Licences, free of charge, when the circumstances are favourable. Endowments for Children.

The revised Prospectus, with full particulars and tables, to be obtained at the Company's Offices in London, 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 16, Pall Mall, S.W.; and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary.

## PARIS EXHIBITION!

VISITORS CAN BE INSURED AGAINST

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS ON THE JOURNEY THERE AND BACK,

OR AGAINST

ACCIDENTS of ALL KINDS on the DOUBLE JOURNEY as well as DURING THEIR STAY IN PARIS.

The Tickets may be obtained at the

PRINCIPAL RAILWAY STATIONS in the Kingdom;

Of the COMPANY'S LOCAL AGENTS;

At COOK'S EXCURSION OFFICE, 98, FLEET STREET;

And at the Offices, 10, REGENT STREET, and 64, CORNHILL.

W. J. VIAN, Secretary.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.